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PLEASING VARIETY

FOR THE

YOUTHFUL MIND.

PART I.

Compiled by the "Association for the Improvement of Juvenile Books," in
Philadelphia.

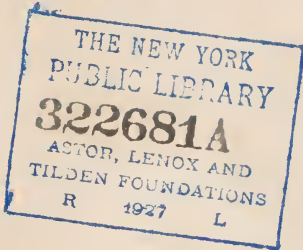


NEW-YORK

MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET,

1838.

J.C.



WORLD WAR
21817
VIA



HARVESTING.

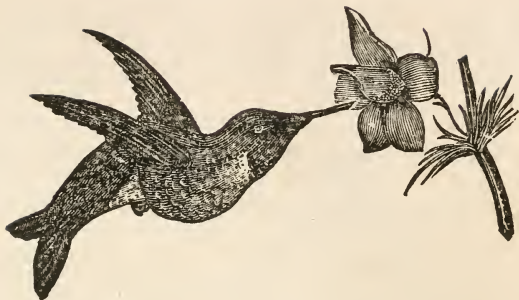
Where winds blow pure and freely,
And blossoms scent the air,
And ripe grain waves its yellow heads,
And all around looks fair—
We ply our daily labor,
And work till night has come,
And then return contented
To rest ourselves at home.

How sweet unto the weary,
Is such unvexed repose,
When evening's length'ning shadows
Around our cottage close ;

And with quiet in our bosoms,
We sit in twilight's shades,
And watch the crimson radiance,
As from the west it fades !

And then, how fresh the slumber
Which falls upon our eyes,
When night's clear dews are falling,
And stars are in the skies !
And then, ere morning flushes
Along the eastern skies,
We bless the Care that watched us,
And, nerved to labor, rise.

Again, our hardy sinews
Are bent to manly toil,
Again we mow the waving grass,
Or plough the dewy soil :
And ever when our labors
For the day, are past and done,
We sit before our cottage door
And watch the setting sun.



THE AMERICAN HUMMING-BIRD.

These beautiful little birds are as numerous, in some parts of the United States, almost as butterflies. Who has not seen them buzzing about the flowers? and who has not been taught that they extract honey from them? But this, naturalists now tell us, is a mistake; for birds, they say, have very little, if any power of suction. The notion now entertained is, that they buzz around in pursuit of little insects. For proof that this is so, insects have been found in their crops.

The Humming-Bird usually builds her nest on the upper side of a horizontal limb of a tree ; not among the twigs, but on the body of the limb itself.

In the woods, it very often chooses a small white oak to build upon ; but in the garden or orchard, it selects an apple or pear tree. The branch on which it builds, is seldom more than ten feet from the ground.

The nest is usually between one and two inches in diameter, and one in depth. Though they mostly build on trees, their nests have occasionally been found on the stalks of rank weeds, or even wheat ; but this is uncommon.

Viewed from the ground, a Humming-Bird's nest appears much like a small knot, or protuberance of the limb. It is formed of the down of mullein, and covered with a kind of gray moss, well cemented by the saliva of the bird.

They lay two purely white eggs, equal size at each end, like a cranberry bean, but not quite so large.

On approaching their nests, they will dart around the head of any one near, with a hum-

ming sound ; and, what is not very common with birds, if they have young, they will seat themselves on the nest in the presence of man.

THE EAST INDIA HUMMING-BIRD.

The Humming-Bird, the Humming-Bird,
So airy-like and bright ;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight.

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant flowers grow,
A thousand thousand Humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires, they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad Palmetto leaves,
And through the Fan-palm tree.

And in those wild and verdant woods,
Where stately Moras tower,
Where hangs from branching tree to tree,
The scarlet passion-flower ;

There builds her nest, the Humming-Bird,
Within the ancient wood,
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
While the pure zephyr passes by,
And fans the lofty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose ;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue,
That the neck of the Peacock shows.

'Thou happy, happy Humming-Bird,
No winter round thee lowers ;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers.

A reign of summer joyfulness,
To thee for life is given ;
Thy food, the honey from the flower,
Thy drink, the dew of heaven.

'Thou little shining creature,
Who saved thee from the flood,

With the Eagle of the mountain-land,
And the Tiger of the wood ?

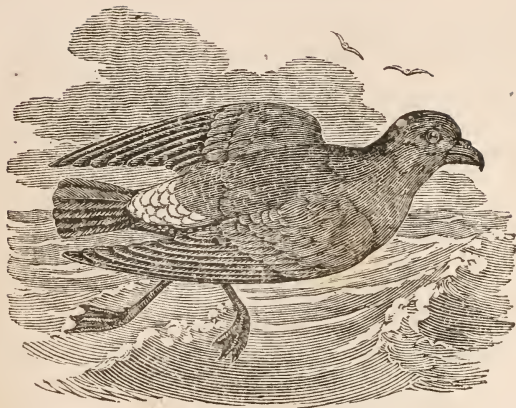
That Power who saved the Elephant,
He also cared for thee ;—
He gave those broad lands for thy home,
Where grows the Cedar tree.

THE BIRD AT SEA.

BY F. HEMANS.

Bird of the green wood,
Oh ! why art thou here ?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near—
All the sweet waters,
Far hence are at play ;
Bird of the green wood
Away, away.

'Midst the wild billows,
Thy place cannot be ;
As midst the wavings
Of wild rose and tree,—



How should *thou* battle
With storm and with spray ?
Bird of the green wood
Away, away.

Can thou be seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine leaves are fanned ?

Midst the wild billows
Why then delay ?
Bird of the green wood
Away, away.

THE COTTON PLANT.

Some of the greatest curiosities in all Carolina, are the immense fields of cotton. A large field, just ripe enough for picking, that is, when the pods are burst open, is a beautiful sight. The fields sometimes contain several hundred acres, and are mostly worked by slaves.

There are three kinds of cotton, the black seed, or *sea-island*—the green seed, or *upland*—and the *nankeen* cotton. The first kind is the best ; but is not very much raised, except along the sea shore, among the islands and near the rivers. This plant is much taller than the other kinds, and the price of the cotton is nearly double that of the upland.

The green seed or upland cotton, is raised in great abundance. It is planted in rows, and hoed several times. It grows to the height of two or

three feet, and has leaves of a bright green color, marked with brownish veins. The flowers are of a pale yellow color, with five red spots at the bottom. The pods are rather triangular in shape, and have each three cells. These, when ripe, burst open, and show their contents, in the midst of which are the seeds, somewhat resembling grape seeds, only much larger.

When the cotton is collected, it is picked in a mill, turned by horses or mules. The process of cleaning the sea-island sort, consists in tearing the cotton to pieces, and blowing or brushing it away, while the seeds fall below.

The upland cotton is picked nearly in the same manner.

Of the nankeen cotton there is not much raised.

DIFFERENCE OF COLOR.

He who to Afric's sons did give,
A brow of sable dye,
And spread the country of their birth
Beneath a burning sky,



Did give a cheek of olive, to
The little Hindoo child,
And darkly stained the forest tribes,
That roam our western wild.

To me He gave a form
Of rather whiter clay,
But am I therefore in his sight
Respected more than they?

No! 'tis the hue of deeds and thoughts,
Which He doth e'er regard ;
'Tis the complexion of the heart,
Which He doth e'er reward.

Not by the tinted cheek,
That fades away so fast ;
But by *the color of the soul*,
We shall be judged at last.

Infinite love will look at me,
And sorrow will arise,
If I my brother's darker brow,
Should ever dare despise.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The Bird of Paradise inhabits the spicy and luxuriant groves of the Philippine and other East India islands, where they associate in immense numbers. It is about the size of a small black-bird ; two filaments proceed from its tail, bearded on one side. The greater or common Bird of Paradise, is principally remarkable, for the peculiar feathers, of a whitish yellow color, terminating

in white, which, emerging from beneath the wings, extend to a considerable distance beyond the feathers of the tail, and resemble very fine hair.



THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY F. HEMANS.

Oh ! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee ;
Where is my brother gone ?

The butterfly is glancing bright,
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
 Around our garden tree—
Our vine is drooping with its load—
 Oh ! call him back to me.

He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
 He may not come to thee ;
The face, that once like spring-time smiled,
 On earth no more thou 'lt see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given ;
Go, thou must play alone, my boy,
 Thy brother is in heaven.

And has he left the birds and flowers,
 And must I call in vain,
And through the long, long summer hours
 Will he not come again ?

And by the brook and in the glade,
 Are all our wand'rings o'er ?
Oh ! while my brother with me played,
 Would I had loved him more.

THE BLUEBIRD.

Most little children know the Bluebird. Its breast is red, and its wings are as blue as the sky. Like most other birds, it leaves us in winter ; but it is the first that comes back in the spring. It is pleasant to hear the song of the Bluebirds, as the snow is melting away ; for it seems to tell us, that cold winter is taking its leave, and spring, with all its flowers, is coming.

The following lines are addressed to this pretty bird :—

Hark ! on the air some music floats

By with a breezy wing,—

Ah ! 'tis the Bluebird's welcome notes,

Coming to tell of spring.

Welcome, sweet bird, with thy wing of blue,

And thy round and ruddy breast !

Thou hast come again these fields to view,

And choose thyself a nest.

THE CORK TREE.

Many children see corks used, without knowing whence come these exceedingly useful articles. Those who wish to know a little about them, can have their curiosity satisfied by reading the following account. Corks are cut from large slabs of bark of the cork tree ; a species of oak, which grows wild in the countries in the south of Europe.

The tree is generally first divested of its bark, when about fifteen years old ; but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing ; and the operation may be repeated every eighth or ninth year, the quality of the cork continuing to improve, as the age of the tree increases.

When the bark is taken off it is singed in the flame of a strong fire ; and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights, in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it may be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has yet been found.

The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans. The cork imported into Great Britain is brought principally from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The quantity annually consumed is upward of five thousand tons.



LINES BY A LITTLE GIRL.

How bright the sun looks,
Shining on high ;
How soft the clouds hang
On the blue sky !
Soft is the sweet wind—
Pleasant the sight,

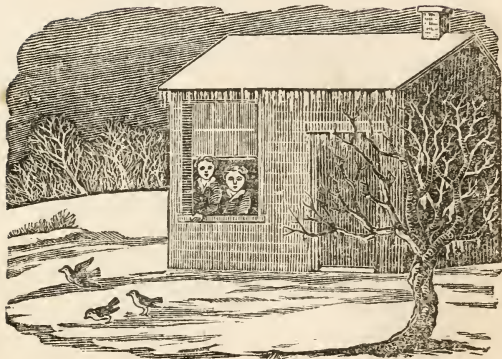
Of the grass waving
In the pure light.

See the young birds dart,
From tree to tree ;
Is not their song, one
Of grateful glee ?
How the broad river,
Sparkles and flows,
Bearing the sunshine
On, as it goes.

Let us go forth, sister !
Let us go forth ;
Beauty and gladness
Cover the earth—
Let us be thankful
With all around,
And let us wander
Where flowers are found.

How can we ever
See the earth thus,
Without adoring
Him who made us—

Or without thinking
With joy and love
Of that Great Being
Who reigns above.



THE SNOWBIRD.

When winter comes with raging storms
And coats with ice the glassy rill ;
When all the emerald leaves are dead,
And every summer bird has fled,
The little Snowbird cherups still—

And when the blast comes loud and fierce,
And nought is left to cheer the eye,
Its song brings back to mind the hours,
We passed among the summer flowers,
Beneath the brightly glowing sky.

And when upon the budding bough,
The merry birds begin to play,
And flowers spring from the moistened earth,
And happy insects sport in mirth,
It hies to colder climes away.

OF THINGS IN COMMON USE.

How many things do we daily handle or use, knowing, at the same time, *very little*, as to how they are procured, or from whence they come—of what countries they are natives, or by what process they are rendered fit for our use. It is best that we should know something of the nature of all things which are daily before our eyes—and not pass along as with our eyes and ears shut. Let us now notice some of the common spices, and begin with

PEPPER.

'This is the dried berry of a climbing plant, which grows in the East Indies, and most of the islands in the Indian Ocean. After the berries are gathered, they are spread in the sun, which dries, blackens, and shrivels them. 'This is black pepper. White pepper is the same berry with this only difference—that the fruit is permitted to ripen more perfectly, when the best berries are selected and the inside skin stripped off. Black pepper is much stronger than white, the skin being the most pungent part.

Cayenne pepper is made of various species of the well-known red pepper. It derives its name from Cayenne, where it is indigenous or native.

GINGER.

The ginger is a native of the East Indies, and rises in round stalks, about four feet high; it withers about the close of the year; and the roots, which are the only valuable parts, are then dug up, scraped and dried with great care, and

packed in bags for exportation. It is also raised in the West Indies.

CINNAMON.

Cinnamon is the inner bark of a small laurel tree, growing in the East Indies ; the bark whilst on the trees, is first freed of its external greenish coat ; it is then cut lengthwise, stripped from the trees, and dried in sand, where it becomes of a reddish yellow color, and curls up into quills or canes.

CLOVES.

The tree which produces this well-known spice, is a native of the East Indies, and in its general appearance, resembles the laurel ; the parts used are the unexpanded flowers, which acquire their dark brown color from the smoke in which they are dried, in order to preserve their aromatic qualities.

NUTMEG.

The nutmeg is an East India tree, about thirty feet high, with smooth oblong leaves ; it produces

a fruit nearly round, of which the *nutmeg* is the seed, and the spice called *mace* the *arillus* or cover. Although the fruit is nine months in ripening, it produces three gatherings annually—the first and best in the fourth month, the second in the eighth, and the third in the twelfth.

MOTHER, WHO MADE THE FLOWERS?

A little child, who loves to see
The bright sun shining clear,
Is often asking, where is He,
Who placed the bright sun here?

She sees the moonlight's silver gleam,
And stars with twinkling ray,
And says, who made that gentle beam,
Almost more fair than they?

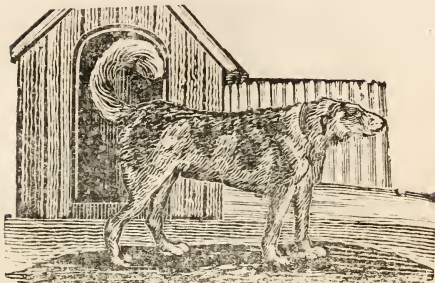
She gathers for her mother dear,
A blossom rich and fair,
And asks, *Who* placed these colors here,
And mixed them with such care?



*That Power, my child, who will impart
More glorious objects still,
A temper mild, a feeling heart,
And strength to do his will.*

FIDELITY OF A DOG.

A remarkable instance of fidelity and affection in a Dog, was witnessed in a shipwreck, near the coast of Massachusetts. A large dog, belonging



to the captain, was on board, when the boat foundered. The people on shore saw the dog hovering around the spot where his master perished, and tried to persuade him to swim ashore ; but the faithful creature refused, and by his concern for his master, lost his own life.

H O M E .

BY A LITTLE GIRL, ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

When from my native rocks I stray,
From social joys more dear than they,
How oft my heart reproves the way
That leads from home !



When anxious fears my mind assail,
When cares perplex and pleasures fail,
Then to my heart, how dear the tale
That speaks of home !

When day's intrusive cares are o'er,
And evening comes, with soothing power,
How sweet to employ the pensive hour
In thoughts of home !

To think of all to us endeared,
Of past delights, and friends revered,
And all the social joys, that cheered
The hours at home.

Then fancy lends her brightest ray,
And hope illumines the future day,
That calls me from these scenes away,
To dearer home.

Oh ! then to hear, with pleasure wild,
My parents' blessing on their child,
And listen to the accents mild,
That welcome home !

And when life's busy day is o'er,
And grief assails the heart no more,
So shall we hail the peaceful shore
Of our eternal home.

May HE, who gives our little day,
Support us through life's devious way,
And then the parted soul convey
To its bless'd and peaceful home.

NEST OF THE TAILOR-BIRD.



Many birds, in constructing their nests, select a hole in a tree, bank, rock, or old wall, which they line with some soft substance. Others choose similar places, without making any addition, for the warmth of their young ones. Some again, excavate holes for their nests with their bills—and other species take possession of holes made in this manner, which have been deserted by those who made them.

The smaller tribe of birds are more expert in making nests than those of a larger growth. Among others, the nest of the *Tailor-bird* is very remarkable. It is composed of one or two leaves, dexterously sewn together by a slender vegetable filament, or thread; and the interior of the nest is filled with cotton.

It is thus described by Mary Howitt:—

“In books of travel I have heard
Of a wise thing—the Tailor-Bird;

A bird of wondrous skill, that sews
Upon the bough whereon it grows,
A *leaf* into a nest, so fair
That with it nothing can compare :
A light and lovely, airy thing,
That vibrates with the breeze's wing—
Indeed, it is with cunning power,
That little artist makes her bower.”

TO A DEAR CHILD.

Another year has dawned upon
Thy happy youthful bloom,
And may the changes it shall bring,
Have nought for thee of gloom.

Thine be that sunshine of the soul,
Which conscious merit only knows ;
A spirit, whose unruffled tide
In gentle murmurs onward flows.

Improve thy mind, in life's young hours
Adorn it, *for it ne'er decays*,
And sow those seeds, which shall yield flowers
To cheer thy evening days.



And oh ! dear child, remember
The Guardian of thy youth,
Follow the precepts of His love,
And walk in paths of truth.

For though earth's pleasures seem so bright,
Still, *this is not thy home* ;—
There's purer joys laid up for thee,
In a brighter state to come.

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PART II.

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NEW-YORK:

MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET.

1838.



P R E F A C E .

IN compiling this little volume, the object has been to present our young readers, as far as the limits of the work will allow, with a short description of the most common and distinguished singing-birds of our own country. As they become acquainted with those birds which were designed, not only to enjoy the common blessings of life themselves, but to enliven and animate the abodes of man, they will find that by destroying them they lessen their own pleasures. The study of their outward appearance, with the exquisite form of their bodies, the lightness of their plumage, the formation of their bones,—which, as well as their internal structure, are so admirably adapted to the situation in which they are placed,—must have a tendency to lead the mind to the contemplation of that Great Being, whose power and goodness are seen in his smallest, as well as in his greatest works.





THE ROBIN.

THE Robin is one of the most familiar and best beloved of all our birds. No sooner has the snow departed, than his cheerful voice is heard among the trees. It generally builds its nest on an apple or pear tree, with hay or straw plastered on the inside with mud, and lined with soft grass or hair. In this it deposits four eggs of a sea-green color. The principal food of the Robin consists of berries, worms, and caterpillars. Its disposition is gentle and confiding, almost always seeking shelter near the habitations of man.

This bird is found throughout all North America. It measures nine inches and a half in length, with the upper parts of the body black, and the breast of a dark orange.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

This bird is known by a variety of names—such as, hang-nest, hanging-bird, golden robin, and fire-bird. It is more generally called the Baltimore bird, from its black and orange colors, which were the livery of Lord Baltimore, formerly proprietor of Maryland.

This bird is seven inches in length; bill almost straight, and tapering to a sharp point. The head, throat, and upper part of the back and wings are black; the whole under parts are a bright orange, deepening into vermillion on the breast. The tail is slightly forked, the legs and feet are light blue or lead color.

Their manner of forming their nests is curious. Having made choice of a twig, the male Oriole flies to the ground, and searches for the longest and driest filaments of the moss, which in Louis-

iana is known by the name of Spanish Beard ; having found one fit for his purpose, he ascends to the spot where the nest is to be, uttering all the while a continual chirrup, and with his bill and claws fastens one end of the moss to a twig, with as much art as a sailor might do ; and taking up the other end, he secures that also to another twig a few inches off, leaving the thread floating in the air like a swing. The female comes to his assistance, with another filament of moss, or perhaps some cotton thread, and immediately commences her operations, placing each thread in a contrary direction to those of her mate, and making the whole cross and recross, so as to form an irregular net-work.

The eggs are five, white, slightly tinged with flesh color, marked on the greater end with purple dots, and on the other parts with hair-like lines. The song of the Baltimore bird is a clear mellow whistle, repeated at short intervals as he glances among the branches.



THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER.

This is one of the most conspicuous among the birds of North America. Its many-colored plumage,—red, white, and black, glossed with steel-blue,—is so striking that almost every one is acquainted with the Red-headed Woodpecker. Its nest is formed in the bodies or large limbs of

trees, and smoothed within to the proper shape and size. The eggs are six, of a pure white, marked with reddish spots.

These birds are very numerous toward the mountains, particularly in the neighborhood of creeks and rivers. Wherever there is a tree of the wild cherry, an apple or pear tree, covered with ripe fruit, you may see them busy among the branches. When the Indian corn is in a milky state, they attack it with great eagerness; and they are fond of the berries of the sour gum. They are gay and frolicksome, and towards fall gather round the barn or farm-house, and rap on the shingles or weather boards.

Their note is shrill and lively, and resembles that of the tree-frog.

Though occasionally regaling himself upon fruit, the most natural food of this bird consists of insects. He searches for them with great dexterity, perceiving, by the appearance of the bark, where they lurk beneath, and rattling on the outside with his bill, till his acute ear distinguishes the terrified insects running to their inmost retreats, where his pointed and barbed tongue soon reaches them.

Notwithstanding the care which this bird takes to place its young beyond the reach of enemies, within the hollow of trees there is one foe against which it is impossible to protect them. This is the black snake, who often glides up the trunk of the tree, into the Woodpecker's nest, devours the eggs and young, and if the cavity be large enough, curls himself up in it and remains for several days.

This bird is nine inches and a half in length ; has the head and neck deep scarlet ; back and tail black, glossed with steel blue ; the whole under parts white.

THE CATBIRD.

The Catbird is about nine inches in length, of a deep slate color.

In spring or autumn, on approaching a thicket of brambles, your first salutation is generally from the Catbird. His note would at first lead you to suppose that it was the cry of some bewildered kitten that had lost its way, and needed your assistance. It is an unsuspicious and fami-

liar bird, and builds its nest in the garden, as well as in the woods. The nest is composed of dry leaves, weeds, small twigs, and fine dry grass, lined with fibrous roots. The eggs are four or five, of a bluish green color.

The Catbird is a very early riser, and in no hurry to go to his nest, till it is almost dark. He is a very sprightly creature, and his notes are more remarkable for singularity than melody. They appear to be made up of imitations of other birds, and other sounds.

The farmer will not tell quite so pleasant a story about this bird, as the little fellow deserves. His partiality for cherries, strawberries, and ripe pears, is so decided, and he has such a taste in selecting the best of them for his own use, that in fruit time he is often very troublesome.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

This bird is peculiar to America, and is most frequently found in the southern and warmer portions of it.

They build their nests in a solitary thorn bush,

an orange tree, a red cedar, a holly bush, and sometimes within a small distance from a house, in a pear or apple tree, six or seven feet from the ground. It is carelessly constructed of dry twigs, weeds, straw, wool, and tow, and lined with fine fibrous roots, disposed in a circular form.

The musical powers of this bird are wonderful. The variety of his song is incessant, and very capricious. His imitations of the brown thrush are interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and he mingles the warblings of the bluebird, with the screaming of swallows, and the cackling of hens. Now you listen to the simple melody of the robin, now to the whippoorwill, and now to the notes of the blue jay, martin, oriole, and many others, so like the originals, that you can hardly believe that they come from the one little creature before you. Both in the fields and in the cage, he commences his delightful song at the rising of the moon, and continues, during the stillness of the night, to make the whole neighborhood resound with his music.

This bird is nine and a half inches long; has rather a slender neck and body, and a well proportioned head. Its plumage is soft and well

blended, with nothing in it showy or brilliant. The upper parts of the head, neck, and back, are of a dark brownish color ; the under parts are of a brownish white.



AMERICAN HOUSE WREN.

This familiar little gossip builds its nest under the eaves of a dwelling-house, or in a hollow cherry tree ; but most commonly in small boxes,

fixed on the top of a pole, in or near the garden, to which he is extremely partial for its constant supplies of caterpillars and other insects. If all these conveniences are wanting, he will put up with an old hat nailed on the weather boards, with a small hole for entrance ; and if even this be denied him, he will find some hole, corner, or crevice about the house, barn, or stable, rather than abandon the dwellings of man.

One summer a mower hung up his coat under a shed near the barn ; two or three days passed before he had occasion to put it on again ; thrusting his arm up the sleeve, he found it filled with rubbish, and on taking it out, it proved to be the nest of a wren completely finished, and lined with a quantity of feathers. The twigs with which the outer part of the nest is built, are short and crooked, that they may the better hook in with one another. The eggs are six or seven, and sometimes nine, of a purplish flesh color.

The House Wren is four inches and a half long ; the whole upper parts are of a deep brown, crossed with black, except the head and neck, which are plain.

THE BLUE JAY.

This elegant bird is peculiar to North America, and is distinguished among the feathered tenants of our woods, by the brilliancy of its plumage. It is eleven inches in length, and the head is ornamented with a crest of light blue or purple feathers, which they can elevate or depress at pleasure. The whole upper parts are light blue or purple, with a collar of black passing down each side of the neck, and forming a crescent on the upper part of the breast. The under parts are white. The tail is long, and light blue, tipped with black.

The notes of the Blue Jay, bear some resemblance to the tones of the trumpet, though he has the faculty of changing them through a great variety of modulations. Indeed, there is scarcely a bird whose peculiarities he cannot imitate.

The nest of this bird is built frequently in the cedar, and sometimes on an apple tree, and is lined with dry, fibrous roots. The eggs are five in number, of a dull olive, spotted with brown. Its favorite food consists of chestnuts, acorns, and

Indian corn; but they will sometimes eat bugs and caterpillars, and plunder the cherry-row and potatoe patch.



THE NIGHT-HAWK.

This bird is universally known in the United States, and they may be seen towards evening in pairs, playing about, high in air, and pursuing wasps, flies, beetles, and various other winged insects of the larger sort. They build no nest, but the eggs are placed on the bare ground, always in a dry situation, where the color of the leaves, ground, and stones about them, may resemble the color of the eggs, and render them less easy

to be discovered. The eggs are commonly two, of a dirty, bluish white, and marked with touches of dark olive brown.

When the weather is wet and gloomy, the Night Hawks are seen abroad at all times in the day, generally at a considerable height ; their favorite time, however, is from two hours before sunset until dusk. At such times they seem all vivacity, darting about in the air in every direction, making frequent and sudden turnings, as if busily engaged in catching insects. Even in the hottest, clearest weather, they are occasionally seen abroad, uttering their hoarse note at short intervals.

This bird is nine inches and a half in length ; the upper parts are of a very dark brown ; the whole lower parts are marked with lines of dusky and yellowish. The mouth is extremely large.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

This is a singular and very celebrated bird, generally known over the greater part of the United States.



The notes of this solitary songster seem like the voice of an old friend, and are listened to by almost every one with great interest. At first they issue from some retired part of the wood, the glen, or mountain; in a few evenings we hear them from the garden fence, the road before the door, and even from the roof of the dwelling-house, long after the family have retired to rest. Its notes seem pretty plainly to articulate the words whip-poor-will, the first and last syllables being uttered with great emphasis. When near them, you often hear an introductory chuck between the notes.

Their food appears to be large moths, grasshoppers, and such insects as frequent the bark of

old rotten timber. They place their eggs on the ground, or on the leaves, not the least appearance of a nest being visible. The spot they choose for this purpose, is the most unfrequented part of the wood, often where some brush, old logs, or heaps of leaves, have been lying, and always in a dry situation. The eggs are usually two in number, much resembling those of the night-hawk.

This bird is nine inches and a half long; the mouth is exceedingly large; the plumage of the upper parts is variegated with black, cream color, brown and rush color, and the wings are elegantly spotted with light and dark brown.

THE BARN-SWALLOW.

The Barn-Swallows are dispersed very generally over the country on the east side of the great range of the Alleghany.

From the size and structure of the nest, it is nearly a week before it is completely finished. It is in the form of an inverted cone, and placed up against a rafter in the barn. It is formed of mud,



mixed with hay, and is then stuffed with fine hay, and downy feathers; the eggs are five, white, spotted all over with reddish brown. Though it is not uncommon for twenty and even thirty pairs to build in the same barn, yet every thing seems to be conducted with great order and affection. Several nests are often within a few inches of

each other ; yet no appearance of discord or quarrelling takes place in the peaceful community.

When the young are fit to leave the nest, the old ones entice them out, by fluttering backwards and forwards, twittering and calling to them every time they pass ; and the young exercise themselves for several days, by short flights within doors, before they venture abroad.

The Barn-Swallow is seven inches long ; the upper parts are of a steel-blue, the lower parts of a light chestnut. This bird is easily tamed, and soon becomes very gentle and familiar. Its note is a cheerful twitter.

THE CARDINAL GROSBEAK.

This bird is sometimes called the Virginia Nightingale, from the clearness and variety of its notes, which, both in a wild and domestic state, are very various and musical. Many of them resemble the high notes of a fife, and are nearly as loud.

Its nest is very often fixed in a holly, cedar, or laurel bush. It is built of small twigs, tops of

dry weeds, and slips of vine bark, and lined with stalks of fine grass. The eggs are four, marbled all over with brownish olive, on a dull white ground.

The Grosbeak is eight inches long; the whole upper parts are a dusky red, except the sides of the neck and head, which, as well as the lower parts, are a bright vermillion. The head is ornamented with a high, pointed crest; the bill is of a brilliant coral color, very thick and powerful.

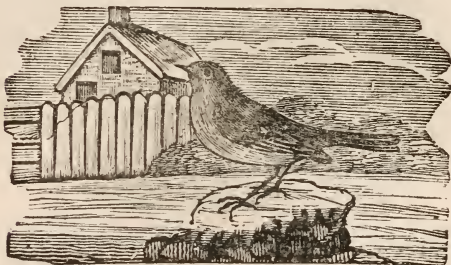
THE MEADOW LARK.

This bird is found in Canada, and throughout the United States. Their favorite places of retreat are pasture fields and meadows, and they are rarely or never seen in the depth of the woods. The flight of these birds is laborious and steady, sailing and renewing the rapid action of the wings alternately. When they alight on trees or bushes, it is generally on the tops of the highest branches, from which they send forth a long, clear, and sometimes a melancholy note, which, in sweetness and tenderness, is equal to that of any of



our warblers. This is sometimes followed by a kind of low, rapid chattering. The nest is built generally in or below a thick tuft of grass; it is formed of dry grass, wound all around, leaving an arched entrance level with the ground; it is lined with fine stalks of the same material, placed with great regularity. The eggs are four, sometimes five, white, speckled and blotched with reddish brown. The length of this bird is ten inches and a half; the upper parts are variegated

with black, bright bay, and pale ochre, the under parts are yellow. An oblong crescent of deep velvety black, ornaments the lower part of the throat.



THE SONG-SPARROW.

This bird is found all over the United States. It is the most numerous of all our sparrows, and is one of the earliest and sweetest songsters. Its song continues occasionally during the summer and fall, and is sometimes heard even in the depth of winter. The notes are short, but very sweet, and frequently repeated, from the branches of a

bush or tree, where it sits, chanting for an hour together. It is fond of frequenting the borders of rivers, meadows, swamps, and other watery places; and if wounded and unable to fly, will often take to the water, and swim with considerable rapidity.

The Song-Sparrow builds on the ground, under a tuft of grass, and forms its nest of fine dry grass, lined with horse hair. It sometimes also builds in a cedar tree, five or six feet from the ground.

This bird is six inches and a half long, and is of a chestnut color, streaked with dirty white; the breast is marked with pointed spots of chestnut.

THE BLUEBIRD.

The Bluebird resembles the Robin Red Breast of Britain, in his sociable and confiding disposition. Like him, too, he is of a mild and peaceful temper, seldom quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house,



ready fitted and rent free. For this, he more than repays them, by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he destroys. About the middle of the third month, he is seen accompanied by his mate, visiting the box in the garden, or the hole in the old apple tree, the cradle of his ancestors. The spot being fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest, and to prepare it for the reception of their young. The eggs are five or six, of a pale blue color. The principal food of this bird consists of the insects that lurk among old and decayed trees. They

are also fond of spiders. In the fall they sometimes regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum ; and as winter approaches, on those of the red cedar, and on the fruit of a rough, hairy vine, that runs up the trunks of trees.

His song is a soft, agreeable, and oft repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. The Bluebird is six inches and three quarters in length, with very full and broad wings ; the whole upper parts are of a rich sky blue, with purple reflections ; the throat, breast, and sides chestnut ; the wings black at the tips.

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

This well-known bird is a general inhabitant of the United States, and is a particular favorite wherever he takes up his abode. His summer residence is universally among the habitations of men. Wherever he comes he generally finds some retreat fitted up for his accommodation. Some people have large boxes made for the martins, with many apartments, which are usually



full, and occupied every spring. The Choctaw and Chicasaw Indians cut off all the top branches from a sapling near their cabins, leaving the

prongs a foot or two in length, on each of which they hang a gourd or calabash, hollowed out for their convenience. On the banks of the Mississippi, the colored people stick up long canes, with the same kind of apartment fixed to their tops, in which the Martins regularly place their nests. The eggs are four in number, quite small for the size of the bird, and pure white, without any spots. The flight of this bird is easy, rapid, and graceful. His usual note is loud and musical. He is eight inches in length; the upper parts are a rich purplish blue, with violet reflections; wings and tail dark brown.

THE BIRDS.

Who taught you to sing,
My pretty sweet birds?
Who tuned your beautiful throats?
You make all the woods
And the vallies to ring,
You bring the first news
Of the earliest spring,
With your loud and silvery notes.



Who painted your wings,
My sweet pretty birds ?
And taught you to soar in the air ?
You rise and you dart
Through the region of light,
You look down on man
From your loftiest height—
Your hearts know no troublesome care.

And where are your fields,
My beautiful birds ?
And where are your houses and barns ?
You sow not the seed,
You reap not the corn,
You spring from your nests
At the earliest morn—
But you care not about the wide farm.

It is God, my dear child,
Who provides for their wants,
And gives them the good they enjoy ;
He painted their wings,
He gave them their voice,
He finds them their food,
He bids them rejoice,
And their songs ever praise Him, my boy.

TO A HEDGE-SPARROW.

Little flutterer ! swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near ;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying ;
Little flutterer, cease to fear.

One who would protect thee, ever,
From the school-boy, kite, and hawk,
Musing, now obtrudes, but never
Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

He no weasel stealing slily,
Would permit thy eggs to take ;
Nor the pole-cat, nor the wily
Adder, nor the writhing snake.

May no cuckoo wandering near thee,
Lay her egg within thy nest,

Nor thy young ones born to cheer thee,
Be destroyed by such a guest !

Little flutterer ! swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near ;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying ;
Little flutterer ! cease to fear.



PLEASING VARIETY

FOR THE

YOUTHFUL MIND.

PART III.

Compiled by the "Association for the improvement of Juvenile Books," in
Philadelphia.



NEW-YORK :

MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET,

1838.



LINES composed by a Female Teacher, in Ireland, to induce her pupils to set a captive bird at liberty.

Ye little maids with freedom blest,
With pity view a bird distrest.
A friendly shelter 's all it sought,
Nor dreamed so quickly to be caught.

With beating heart and ruffled plume,
It hops and flutters round the room ;
No spot for egress can it spy,
Although it looks with anxious eye.

But what avails the bounteous store,
So freely cast upon the floor ?

Those wheaten crumbs, that water clear,
With liberty were bought too dear.

Think how its lost companions mourn,
And chirp, and chirp for its return,
They chide perhaps the long delay,
Nor know that you protract its stay.

What though yon fields are white with snow,
There with enraptured flight 'twould go,
And through the winter's chilling blast,
Would trust them for its small repast.

No longer then its flight detain,
Nor seek your pleasure from its pain.
When joyous liberty 's denied,
Tasteless is every good beside.

Now, may I hope my artless tale,
Will o'er your tender minds prevail?
That you, the prisoned bird will free,
To enjoy the bliss of liberty.



TO MY BOY.

Come, Frederic, leave off thy play,
Hang up thy little drum ;
Lay by the sword and rocking-horse,
And to thy mother come.

Nay, put aside that pretty whip,
Nor so unwilling be ;
But come, and let thy playthings rest,
And sit awhile with me.

Seest thou the church on yonder green,
And people gathering there ?
They do not now diversion seek—
They meet for holy prayer.

God gives thee every thing thou hast,
Life, health, and friends, and food ;
Wilt thou not love his holy law,
And serve a God so good ?

Now look abroad on yonder scene,
The air is still and sweet ;
There is the green and waving grass,
So soft beneath thy feet.

And here's the tree above thy head,
And here thou oft hast played,
And heard the pretty birds sing out
Their morning serenade.

And is not this a lovely world,
So sweet, so fair, so bright ?
The sun, how glorious in the morn—
The moon, how mild at night !

The twinkling stars, that glisten down
Upon yon streamlet clear,
And shine upon the awful deep,
That rolls its billows near.

And, Frederic, God did make them all,—
And yonder little bird,
And glorious sun, and earth, and sea,
Exist but by His word.

Then come and calm thy little heart,
Let no wiild thoughts intrude,
But thank thy God for all his good,
In cheerful gratitude.





THE LITTLE GIRL TO HER NEEDLE.

My shining needle ! much I prize
Thy taper form and slender size,
And well I love thee *now*,
Though when I first began to sew,
Before thy proper use I knew,
And often prick'd my fingers too,
A trial sore wert thou.

But soon thy motions to control
In collar, wristband, button-hole,
 My ready hand attains ;
And then a pretty case, supplied
With " Hemming's Royal Silver-eyed,"
All placed in papers side by side,
 Will well reward my pains.

My needle, when with thee employ'd,
How many an hour have I enjoyed,
 That else had heavy hung ;
For while my fingers guided thee,
My thoughts have travell'd pleasantly
O'er hill and dale, o'er land and sea,
 And distant friends among.

Alone with thee, I often times
Fill up the hour in forming rhymes
 And making sounds agree ;
Convenience, comfort, neatness, too,
My polish'd needle, are thy due,
And dearly will each damsel rue
 Her negligence of thee.

And not alone in labors light,
I'll speed thee on, my needle bright ;
 The helpless oft shall find,

A little girl can help to form
Full many a garment stout and warm,
To shield from winter's wind and storm
The aged and the blind.



WHALE FISHING.

The water to the north of Europe and Iceland is called the Icy Sea, and is famous for whale fisheries. The ships proper for this kind of commerce are considered to be those of a moderate size, and are generally stored with six months' provisions, and manned with about fifty men and boys. When arrived at the spot where the whales are expected, a sailor is stationed at the mast-head, and as soon as he discovers one of these enormous animals, the rest of the crew hoist out their boat, and row to the place where he directs. The harpooner stands at the prow of the boat, with a harpoon, (which is a long piece of iron, shaped at one end like a dart,) ready for striking in his hand, to which is fastened a very long cord which runs over a roller at the edge of the boat; as soon as he arrives within reach of the animal, he darts the harpoon into its side. It is some moments before the creature becomes sensible of the wound, owing to the great thickness of the fat or blubber; but as the harpoon penetrates, it begins to feel the pain, and instantly

dives to escape the attack: want of air again brings it towards the surface, when he is wounded again, and, becoming exhausted, expires. The whale is then cut into pieces, and the oil being pressed out of it, is brought home, and serves to light our streets, and for many other purposes.



INNOCENCE.

My lamb, where hast thou been
Sporting about all day?
Cropping thy food in pastures green
Where the bright waters play?
But of the sunny vale
Thou'rt weary now I see—
Come to these shades and tell thy tale,
And rest thy head on me.

I have been sporting too,
Where grow thy favorite flowers,
Among the lilies fresh with dew,
Among the vine clad-bowers ;
And by yon chrystal stream
Where droops the willow tree,
I sweetly slept and had a dream—
A pleasant dream of thee.

And music all around
Seem'd breathing, when I woke ;
From nest, and brook, and rose-deck'd ground,
And from my heart it broke.
Why does thy bosom beat ?
Has aught disturbed thy peace ?
Dear lamb, did brambles wound thy feet,
Or rend thy snowy fleece ?

Come, I will soothe thy pain,
If thou wilt tell me free,
And lull thee with that cooing strain
The young dove taught to me.
Thou by my side shalt run,
Friend and companion dear,
For since thou hast no evil done,
What evil need'st thou fear ?

L. H. SIGOURNEY.



YOUTHFUL THOUGHTS.

How long sometimes a day appears,
And weeks, how long are they ;
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.

It seems a long, long time ago,
That I was taught to read,
And since I was a babe, I know
'Tis very long indeed.

But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone,
For, day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years must have an end—
Eternity has none !

'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun !

Great God ! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be ;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.



ATTACHMENT OF A DOG TO A BIRD.

We were lately visiting in a house, when a very pleasing and singular portrait attracted our observation—it was that of a young lady represented with a partridge perched upon her shoulder, and a dog with his feet on her arms. We recognized it as a representation of the lady of the house, but were at a loss to account for the odd association of her companions. She observed our surprise, and at once gave the history of the bird and the spaniel.

They were both, some years back, domesticated in her family. The dog was an old parlor favorite, who went by the name of Tom. The partridge was more recently introduced from France, and answered to the equally familiar name of Bill. It was rather a dangerous experiment to place them together, for Tom was a lively and spirited creature, very apt to torment the cats, and to bark at any object which roused his instinct. But the experiment was tried, and Bill being very tame, did not feel much alarm at his natural enemy. They were, of course, shy at first, but this

shyness gradually wore off—the bird became less timid, and the dog less bold. The most perfect friendship was at length established between them. When the hour of dinner arrived, the partridge invariably flew on his mistress' shoulder, calling with that shrill note which is so well known to sportsmen, and the spaniel leapt about with equal ardor. One dish of bread and milk was placed on the floor, out of which the spaniel and bird fed together, and after their social meal the dog would retire to a corner to sleep, while the partridge would nestle between his legs, and never stir till his favorite awoke. Whenever the dog accompanied his mistress out, the bird displayed the utmost disquietude till his return ; and, once, when the partridge was shut up by accident, during a whole day, the dog searched about the house with a mournful cry—which indicated the strength of his affection.

The friendship of Tom and Bill was at length fatally terminated : the beautiful little dog was stolen, and the bird from that time refused all food, and died on the seventh day, a victim to his grief.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge.



THE SQUIRREL.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A pretty red squirrel lives up in a tree, .
A blithe little creature as ever can be ;
He dwells in the boughs where the stock-dove broods,
Far in the shade of the green summer woods.
His food is the young juicy cones of the pine,
And the milky beech nut is his bread and his wine.
In the joy of his heart he frisks with a bound,
To the topmost twigs, then down to the ground,
Then up again like a winged thing,
And from tree to tree with a vaulting spring ;
And he sits up aloft and looks waggish and queer,
As if he would say, " Ay, follow me here !"
And then he grows pettish and stamps his foot,
And then independently cracks his nut ;
And thus he lives the long summer through,
Without a care or a thought of sorrow.

But small as he is, he knows he may want
In the bleak winter weather, when food is scant ;
So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
And there makes his nest and lays up his store.
And when cold winter comes, and the trees are bare,
When the white snow is falling, and keen is the air,
He heeds it not, as he sits by himself,
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on the shelf.
O, wise little squirrel ! no wonder that he
In the green summer woods is as blithe as can be



EVERY THING HAS A HOME.

The merry bird buildeth its house in a tree,
The worm boreth hers in the ground,
A warm little room in her hive hath the bee,
'Mid his cobweb the spider is found.
Beneath a green leaf sleeps the velvet-winged moth,
By the breeze gently rocked to and fro ;
The wasp, and the little hard-working ant, both
Make their cells in the soft earth below.
The snake and the blind-worm, in wood or in bog
Have chosen each one his abode ;
In the midst of the marsh sits securely the frog,
In the hedge-row lies crouching the toad.
The trout hath a snug house just by the stream side,
Where the cool waters over him flow ;
In the deep sea the whale hath his place to abide,
And he knows where to come and to go.

The ruinous tower, or the old ivied tree,
The owl for his chamber will take ;
The daw in the ancient church-turret will be,
And the partridge rejoice in the brake.
The May-fly will choose in the heart of the rose,
His beautiful tapestried hall,
And the plunderer snail, when the bright morning
glows,
Finds his house in a nook of the wall.

The hare hath her form, and the rabbit its hole,
The squirrel its place of repose ;
The dormouse sleeps well in its nest, and the mole
In his burrow as well, I suppose.
Each one hath a hole, or a den, or a nest,
For the season of rest, when 'tis due ;
A sweet little home, just the place he likes best,
To be glad in,—and so have I too.



A WALK TO THE MEADOWS.

We 'll go to the meadows, where cowslips do grow,
And buttercups looking as yellow as gold ;
And the dasies and violets beginning to blow,
For it is a most beautiful sight to behold.

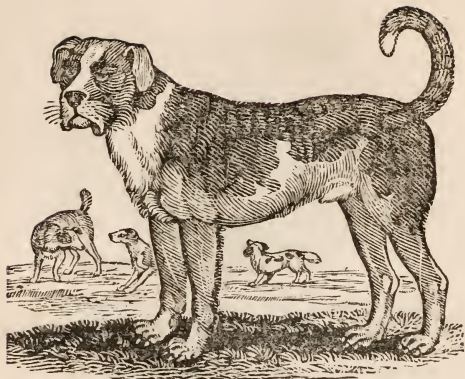
'The honey-bee humming about there is seen,
The butterfly merrily skims it along ;
The grasshopper chirps in the hedges so green,
And the linnet there sings us his liveliest song.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay,
The beasts of the field are all glad and rejoice ;
We too will be thankful to God every day,
And praise his great name in a loftier voice.



LOVE TO GOD PRODUCES LOVE TO MAN.

Let gratitude in acts of goodness flow,
Our love to God in love to man below.
Be this our joy—to calm the troubled breast,
Support the weak and succor the distress'd,
Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear,
The orphan guard, the sinking spirits cheer :
Though small our power to act, though mean our
skill,
God sees the heart—He judges by the will.



THE DOGS OF THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

The Convent of the great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sun-

shine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on, the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow, the avalanches—which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice—are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them.

The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succor. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupifying influence of frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep

sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snowdrift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of those admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him, offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet, and they set up a continual hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and laborers of the Convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs without human help may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support, and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful, and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discern the body so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends, and such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of those noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two

persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard, in a very stormy season, laboring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the Convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by two avalanches, and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope to obtain some news of their expected friend. They all perished.



THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Whilst you are asleep, the poor little sweep
At the dawning of morning must go,
With brushes and bags, and clothed all in rags,
In the winter through frost and through snow.

We're obliged, I am sure, for what they endure,
To save us from smoke and from fire ;
And often I weep, to think that the sweep
Must do such sad work for his hire.

Then we'll keep in mind, that the sweep's very kind,
For us such a service to do ;
And never feel fright when he comes in our sight,
Because of his dark sooty hue.





THE KINGFISHER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

For the bonny Kingfisher go not to the tree,
No bird of the field or the forest is he ;
In the dry riven rock he did never abide,
And not on the brown heath all barren and wide :

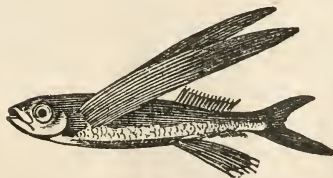
He lives where the fresh sparkling waters are flowing,
Where the tall heavy typha and loose-strife are grow-
ing ;

By the bright little streams that all joyfully run
Awhile in the shadow and then in the sun.

And he lives in a hole that is quite to his mind,
With the green mossy hazel roots firmly entwined,
Where the dark alder-bough waves gracefully o'er,
And the broad flag and arrow-head grow at his door.

There busily, busily all the day long,
He seeks for small fishes the shallows among ;
For he builds his nest of the pearly fish bone,
Laid side by side till his work is done.

O, happy Kingfisher ! what care should he know,
By the clear pleasant streams, as he skims to and fro,
Now lost in the shadow, now bright in the sheen
Of the hot summer sun, glancing scarlet and green.



THE COFFEE TREE.

Come, Emma, with me to that seat in the shade,
The promise I'll keep which lately I made ;
First bring me a bud from that beautiful rose,
And then I will tell how the Coffee tree grows.

Its stem is quite straight, and it shoots very high ;
Its flowers like the jessamine seem, to the eye ;
A fruit like a cherry these blossoms succeeds,
And in it contained are a couple of seeds ;

These seeds, taken out when the fruit has been dried,
Are coffee, with which all our shops are supplied ;—
When roasted and ground, they are fitted for use,
And boiled, a most excellent beverage produce.

Though Coffee in England is constantly sold,
It will not grow there, as the climate is cold ;
Arabia and Turkey large cargoes provide—
The West Indies furnish a great deal beside ;
In many warm countries I think it is grown,
But Coffee from Turkey 's the best that is known.

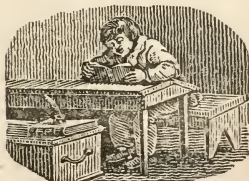
PLEASING VARIETY

FOR THE

YOUTHFUL MIND.

PART IV.

Compiled by the "Association for the improvement of Juvenile Books," in
Philadelphia.



NEW-YORK:

MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET.

1838.



SKAITING TO MARKET.

A country so full of water as Holland, and cut in every direction with canals, affords easy travelling in summer by boats, and in winter by skaiting. From many miles distance do the girls come to market with a basket of poultry or eggs on their heads ; skaiting with great dexterity all the way. Sledges are pushed by men or drawn by horses, with great ease, and at a rapid rate.

Over the frozen hard snow and the ice,
At market our maiden will be in a trice,
She has packed up the poultry close and warm,
In the small basket that hangs on her arm ;
It is but a dozen or twenty miles,
Without any hedges or clambering stiles.

Swinging her body from side to side,
Balancing well is the height of her pride.
See on one foot what a way she goes,
Now like a dart the other she throws,
Trailing a line in her path so white,—
Now I do say, she has got out of sight.

THE BLUEBIRD'S RETURN.

Say, from what sunny retreat of earth,
Hast thou come to tell us of spring?
Where hast thou been through the cold winter days,
Thou bird of the bright blue wing?

Say, in what bower or old hollow tree,
Hast thou kept thy young nestlings so warm;
And watched so untiringly through the long days,
To shield the dear creatures from harm?

Come, tell us, thou harbinger of the glad spring,
What vales have re-echoed thy notes?
'Tis long since I've heard the sweet sound of thy
voice,
As through the clear ether it floats.

But now thou hast come, with thy full tide of song,
With us through the summer to dwell;

I greet thee with rapture, though where thou hast
dwelt

Through the winter thou never dost tell.

Come, live in our garden ; I'll build a nice box

High up where no pussy can reach ;

We have plenty of fruit, which I think very nice,

We have apple, plum, cherry, and peach.

And there thou canst leave thy young brood without
fear,

To gather them fruit, nice and ripe ;

For I will take care that no one shall intrude,

To cause them one moment of fright.

And there you can live so happy and free,

Secure from all danger and harm ;

No cat can climb up to your airy retreat,

Nor school-boy your dwelling alarm.

And to pay me for all of my trouble and pains,

I shall ask no return but a song,

And that will be pretty cheap payment I think,

For one who sings all the day long.

BABYLON.

Babylon, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Chaldea, was built by Nimrod, the great grandson of Noah, in the place, as it is supposed, where Babel was begun. It was enlarged by Belus and by Queen Semiramis. It was Nebuchadnezzar, however, who raised it to such a pinnacle of glory, that it became one of the principal wonders of the world.

In looking upon it, his heart became proud and lifted up, so that he exclaimed on one occasion, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built, for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty." —See *Daniel* iv. 30.

Babylon stood in the midst of a large plain, in a very rich, fruitful soil. It was divided into two parts by the river Euphrates, which flowed through the city from north to south. Both these divisions were enclosed by a single wall. The city was exactly square, measuring fifteen miles on every side; and the extent of the wall, of course, was sixty miles. The wall was built of

large bricks, cemented together by a kind of glutinous slime or bitumen, superior for this purpose to lime, and when dried thoroughly, much harder than the bricks themselves. It was three hundred and fifty feet high, and eighty-seven thick ; and was surrounded by a vast ditch, lined with bricks, cemented with bitumen, and filled with water ; the bricks of the wall were made of the earth which was dug from the ditch. On every side of the city were twenty-five brazen gates, exactly opposite to each other. Upon the wall were many towers, all ten feet higher than the wall. Streets crossed each other at right angles, from all the gates on every side, being fifteen miles in length, and fifty in number ; thus the city was cut into six hundred and seventy-six squares. The hanging gardens were a great curiosity ; they contained a square of four hundred feet, and were carried to the height of the wall of the city by several large terraces. This vast pile was supported by arches, built upon arches, and strengthened by a wall twenty-two feet thick on every side. These gardens contained all kinds of flowers and plants, and even large trees. On the upper terrace was an aqueduct which served to water the whole.

After Cyrus had beseiged Babylon two years, he found means to turn the river out of its natural channel, and to march his army through the bed of it into the city. This was done on the very night in which Belshazzar and his courtiers were at a great feast, and had left the gates but feebly guarded. The consequence was that Belshazzar and his nobles were slain, and the city easily taken.—Read *Daniel, 5th chap.*

This was about five hundred and fifty years before Christ. From this time this great city began to decline, and in the fourth century of the Christian era, nothing remained but fragments of its walls. These were afterwards repaired, as an enclosure for wild beasts, to form a hunting ground for the Persian monarchs. “It is impossible,” says a distinguished traveller, “to behold this scene, and not be reminded how exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled:”—“that it should never be inhabited”—“that the Arabian should not pitch his tent there”—“that she should become heaps”—“that her cities should become a dry land and a wilderness.” In short, it is scarcely possible now to tell with precision where this splendid but very wicked city once stood.—*Parley’s Cyclopaedia.*



A MINUTE.

A minute, how soon it is flown !
And yet how important it is !
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his.

And though we may waste them in folly and play,
He notices each that we squander away.

Why should we a minute despise,
Because it so quickly is o'er ?
We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more.

Another indeed may appear in its stead,
But that precious moment forever is fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years,
In idleness, folly, or strife ;
But oh ! no repentance or tears,
Can bring back one moment of life.
But time if well spent, and improved as it goes,
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

And when all the minutes are past,
Which God for our portion has given,
We shall cheerfully welcome the last,
If it safely conduct us to Heaven.





HYMN.

Who taught the bees, when first they take
Their flight through flow'ry fields in spring,
To mark their hives, and straight to make
Their sure return, sweet stores to bring ?

Who taught the ant to bite the grains
Of wheat, which, for her winter store,
She buries, with unwearied pains,
So careful that they grow no more ?

Who taught the beavers to contrive
Their huts on banks, so wisely planned
That in the winter they can dive,
And shun their foes, from thence by land ?

Who taught the spider's curious art,
Stretching from twig to twig her line,
Strengthening her web in every part,
Sure and exact in her design ?

Who taught the swallows when to take
Their flight, before chill winter comes ?
The wren her curious nest to make ?
The wand'ring rooks to find their home ?

The God whose work all nature is—
Whose wisdom guides the vast design.
Man sees but part, but what he sees
Tells him this wisdom is divine.





DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

The great services that Daniel had done to King Nebuchadnezzar, recommended him to Darius, who intrusted him with the inspection of the conduct of all the governors of his provinces. This mark of royal favor subjected him to envy, and raised him up very powerful enemies, who were determined to destroy him. With this view, they persuaded the king to issue a decree, forbidding any person to pray to any one excepting himself, for the space of thirty days. The authors of this unjust law watched Daniel, and having found him frequently praying to God

informed the king of it. Darius now perceived his error in having issued the decree, and tried to prevent Daniel from falling a sacrifice to the ill will of his enemies, but in vain, and his reluctance to put his law in execution was much censured. Obligated to condemn Daniel to the lion's den, he committed him to the protection of that Power in whom he trusted, and the mouth of the den was closed upon him, and sealed with his own seal. The king passed a very uneasy night, and as soon as he arose the next morning, went to the den and called Daniel twice. His joy was great on hearing him answer. He was immediately drawn up, and relating the manner in which he had been preserved from those raging animals, convinced the king of the power and mercy of the Almighty.



A LESSON IN LATIN.

A father is *pater*, a mother is *mater*,
A sister is *soror*, a brother is *frater* :
A child should obey both his father and mother,
And brothers and sisters should love one another.



TO A LITTLE SISTER.

Sweet Sister ! like an opening rose,
Thy tender cheek I see ;
How thy little bright eye glows,
Whene'er 't is fixed on me :
And, oh ! I love that gentle glance,
That smile so full of glee,
And in thy happy countenance,
Thy infant meanings see.

For thou, as yet, no word can'st speak
 To make thy wishes known ;
And thou art now too small and weak,
 To stand or walk alone :
But on the dasied bank with me
 Come, sit, this sunny hour,
And I will go and cull for thee,
 Each sweetly scented flower.

Soon shall thy soft lips breathe my name,
 To each delighted ear,
And all thy gentle thoughts proclaim,
 My Sister, ever dear !
And I will tell thee wondrous things,
 That I was taught before ;
And that sweet joy which knowledge brings,
 Shall charm thee more and more.

Then shalt thou hear how grow the flowers
 So lovely o'er the sod,
When spring comes back, with beams and showers,
 To cheer the works of God :
Yes ! and the stars that roll on high,
 When they thy wonder call,
I'll tell thee how in yon blue sky
 'Twas God who placed them all.

Then shalt thou clasp my hand, and rove
Through garden and through field ;
And where, amid the leafy grove,
The little song-birds build.
We'll watch the squirrel on the boughs
His merry gambols play ;
Or from its place the swift hare rouse,
And see him bound away.



THE ART OF MAKING PINS.

Though pins are apparently simple, their manufacture is, however, not a little curious. When the brass wire of which the pins are formed is first received at the manufactory, it is generally too thick to be cut into pins. The first operation, therefore, is that of winding it off from one wheel to another, with great velocity, and causing it to pass between the two, through a hole in a piece of iron of small diameter.

The wire is then straightened by drawing it between iron pins, fixed in a board in a zigzag manner, but so as to leave a straight line between them; it is then cut into lengths sufficient to make six pins; each end of these is then ground to a point by boys, each of whom sits with two small grindstones before him, which are turned by a wheel. One boy is able to point sixteen thousand pins in an hour.

The next operation is that of forming the heads, which is done by means of a spinning wheel. One piece of wire being thus with astonishing rapidity wound round another, and the

inner one being drawn out, leaves a hollow tube. It is then cut with shears, every ten turns of the wire forming one head; these are softened by placing them in a furnace till they are red hot. As soon as they are cold they are distributed to children, who sit with hammers and anvils before them, which they work with their feet by means of a lathe, and taking up one of the pieces of wire, they thrust the blunt end into a quantity of the heads, and catching one on the extremity, they apply them immediately to the anvil and hammer, and by a motion of the foot, the top and the head are fixed together in much less time than it can be described, and with a dexterity only to be acquired by practice—the spectators being in continual apprehension for the safety of their finger ends. The pin is now finished as to form, but still it is merely brass. It is therefore put into a copper containing a solution of tin and the lees of wine. Here it remains some time, and when taken out, assumes a white though dull appearance; it is then put into a tub containing bran, which is set in motion by turning a shaft which runs through the centre,—and thus, by means of friction, it becomes perfectly bright and fit for use.



TO A CHILD.

Oh ! turn that little foot aside,
Nor crush beneath its tread
The meanest insect of the earth,
That looks to God for bread.

If He who framed the universe
Looks on in tenderest love,
To form an insect of the earth,
As well as spheres above—

Oh, who shall dare that insect's life,
In wantonness destroy ?
Or check the flowing tide of life,
Which He has formed for joy ?

My child, in little things begin
To act a tender part,
For He who formed thee of the dust,
Inspects and knows the heart.

THE BEE.

Pretty Bee, busy and bright,
Humming round the rose,
Hither take thy morning flight,
Where the lilac grows.

On the apple-blossom's lip,
Or in the blue cup
Of the violet's treasures dip,—
Drink her sweetness up.

Deeper in—and deeper yet—
All her riches fleece ;
Till the hoarded drops thou get
Never, never cease.



Thus, from out the pages good,
Founts, where knowledge lies,
My eager mind shall seek its food,
Toiling for the prize.

Gorgeous is the butterfly ;
But he only lives
To sport beneath a summer's sky ;
He no honey gives.

Idleness and languor, they
Never come near thee ;
Thou wouldst scorn a life of play,
Pretty, active Bee.

Upward now thy course thou wingest,
Like a spirit thou 'st flown ;
Ever on thy way thou singest
With a deep, sweet tone.

Now I see thee not at all,
Yet I hear thy voice ;
And its music seems to call
Young hearts to rejoice.

Merrily sing the birds that sit
Lightly on the tree ;
But thy humming hath in it
Something sweeter, Bee.

For it speaks a spirit light
With its duties done,
Pretty bee, pursue thy flight,
With the wealth thou 'st won.



THE JOYFUL SPRING.

The joyous Spring has come again,
It cheers my heart to see
The springing of the tender grass,
The blossoms of the tree.

Again the melody of birds
Is wafted o'er the vales,

And through the wilderness of green,
The balmy zephyr sails.

Oh! I do love the breath of spring,
It is so soft and clear ;
It seems to have its dwelling-place,
In some far purer sphere.

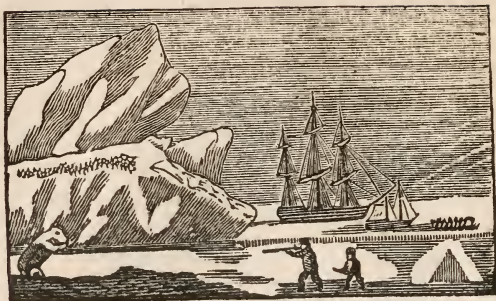
The primrose, eldest child of spring,
Its showy head uprears,
And yellow cowslips lave their brows,
In morning's dewy tears.

Now forth the busy farmer goes,
And roots out all the weeds,
And carefully prepares the earth,
To sow the various seeds.

I too must well improve my *mind*,
And cultivate the soil,
And then the harvest will reward
My spring and summer's toil.

If it neglected lies in youth,
'Twill prove a barren field ;
And in the autumn hour of life
No golden harvest yield.





THE BEAR.

The Bear is a savage animal, dwelling in wild and unfrequented places. Its common food is fruits, plants, and roots, but it is also carnivorous, (flesh eating,) living at times on the blood and flesh of animals which it has killed. There are three kinds of Bears—the Brown, Black, and White; of these the Black are least savage, and most inoffensive. The Black Bear can climb trees, and when this is done to procure fruit, it will hold on to the tree with one of its forepaws, while it collects the fruit with the other. There

are many interesting anecdotes related of these animals, among which are the following.

A White Bear was pursued by several sailors on a large field of ice in the Arctic Ocean; she had two cubs with her, and finding that her pursuers were gaining upon them, and that the cubs were unable to keep up with her, she took them one at a time in her mouth, and threw them before her as she came up to them, repeating this again and again, the cubs permitting themselves to be thrown forward; and in this manner escaped from the sailors, who were anxious to obtain one or both of the young ones.

A Black Bear, which had been taken when young, from its native woods, was kept by a rich man, and lodged in a commodious cage. A poor boy, who probably had no friends to care for him, one cold night crept into the cage for shelter; falling asleep, he rested comfortably; but in the morning when he awoke, found the bear stretched by his side, with one paw laid over him. Frightened to find himself in such a situation, he would have immediately retreated, but the bear appeared so gentle and kind, and when his food was given him, seemed so desirous that he should partake of

it, that he did not go until well rested and his hunger appeased. The boy returned to his new friend the next night, and continued to do so through the cold nights of winter, sleeping close to Bruin, the bear, who, savage as he was, had protected him, and showed him more kindness than those whose duty it was to have done so.

Some one who saw the boy go in, and watched to see what might ensue, reported the singular occurrence to the owner of the bear, who, after satisfying himself of the truth of the statement, by witnessing the fact, had the boy called into his presence to give an account of himself, and afterward provided for him, and gave him such an education as fitted him to live no longer with a bear, but among his fellow beings.

The flesh of the bear is esteemed good food, and the paws of the old ones are considered by those who have eaten of them, a great delicacy. The Black and Brown Bear, in their wild state, sleep the greater part of the winter ; and although very fat when they retire for this purpose to caves in the rocks, yet, in the spring, they come out from their long nap lean and emaciated.



MOTHER'S JOY.

Why, what a busy maid thou art,
With eyes so like a dove!
And I am sure thy little heart
Is running o'er with love.

No grief hast thou, save now and then,
Thy bread and butter falls,
Or careless little bantam hen
Escapes from her wooden walls.

Sometimes thy roguish brother comes
Along with stealthy tread,
And in thy startled ear he drums,
Or pulls thy curly head.

And these are all the troubles thou
E'er hast, my gentle Mary ;
No wonder thou, with happy brow,
Art listening to Canary.

And then thou art so very kind
To every thing that moves ;
Thy little feather'd brood all find,
How sweetly Mary loves.

James is an active, winning child—
Dearly we love the boy ;
And thou, my little maiden mild,
Thou art thy mother's joy !

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PART V.

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HARMONY AND BEAUTY OF NATURE.

There is music in the ocean's dash,
There is grandeur in the storm ;
There is beauty in the lightning's flash,
When thunders loud alarm.

There is beauty in the passing cloud,
That floats so lightly by,
When storms no more the sunbeams
shroud,
Nor veil the bright, clear sky.

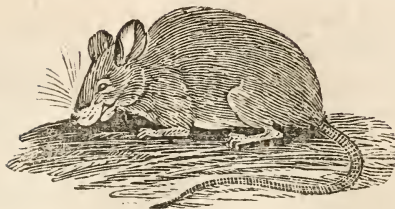
There is beauty in the calm blue wave
That sparkles in the sun ;
There is beauty to be seen in all, save
Ills that men have done.

There is beauty in the placid lake,
That ripples to the breeze ;
When summer zephyrs gently wake
The rustling of the trees.

There is beauty in the western sky,
As daylight melts away,
When evening dew descends from high,
To gem each little spray.

There is beauty in the starry height,
Where worlds unnumbered roll ;
And in the moonbeam's placid light,
A power that wakes the soul.

There is music in the wood-dove's note,
That welcomes joyous spring ;
When every little warbler's throat
Essays sweet praise to sing.



THE WOOD-MOUSE.

Do ye know the little Wood-Mouse,
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves
Beside the mossy spring?

Its fur is red as the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim;
It leads a life most innocent,
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid, gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright.

A PLEASING VARIETY

It makes its nest of soft, dry moss,
In a hole so deep and strong ;
And there it sleeps secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing ;
And waketh to its summer life
When nightingales are singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel sits,
The Wood-Mouse plays below ;
And plenty of food it finds itself
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

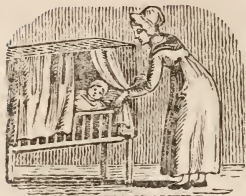
In the hedge-sparrow's nest he sits
When its summer brood is fled
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn over head.

I have seen him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree ;
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there,—
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that He regardeth them—
Those creatures weak and small ;
Their table in the wild is spread,
By Him who cares for all !





TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Sleep, little one! the roses shed
Their light leaves on thy brow,
And the bee murmurs round thy head,
But will not harm thee now :
The boughs heave gently in the breeze
That fans thy heavy eye,
And the birds sing amid the trees
A joyful lullaby.

No heedless step shall start thee here,
No sunbeam thee molest,
Kind watchers by thy side appear,
To guard thy peaceful rest.

The flowers thy hand had wreathed will
fade,

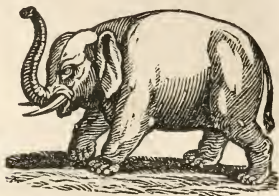
Before thy sleep be o'er ;
Thy butterfly about thee played,
Then went, and came no more.

But soon shalt thou, with gayer feet,
Along the meadow bound,
And other blossoms bring as sweet,
From all the flowery ground ;
And bird, and butterfly, and bee,
Pursue from bough to bough ;
Nor meet, in all thine eye can see,
A happier thing than thou.

LOST CHILD FOUND BY A DOG.

Dogs will each tell his own master by the odor which issues from his skin and scents his clothes, and sometimes this faculty is of great benefit. A little child was lost in the woods, and all efforts to find it proved vain. It happened that the father of the child had a large dog, which had always been fond of the child, and the man took the clothes which the child had formerly worn, showed them to the dog, and then pointed to the woods, and made gestures to the dog to go and find the child. The dog smelt of the clothes some time, and then springing about began to bark loudly. The man still holding the clothes, went towards the woods, and the dog ran hither and thither scenting the ground, till at last he started off, howling, in a particular direction. The father followed as fast as he could, and in about two hours they found the little boy, alive and well.

STRENGTH OF ANIMALS.



The Elephant has more than thirty thousand distinct muscles in his trunk, and these muscles must be prodigiously strong ones too, for he can snap off the strongest branches from the greatest trees, and tear up the trees themselves with his tusks.

The Lion has terrible power in his muscles. With a single stroke of his paw he can break the backbone of a horse, and run off, with a buffalo in his jaws, at full speed. Nor is it necessary for strength that the muscles should always have the benefit of a bony lever. The tail of a Whale is merely muscular, and yet he can beat a long-boat into shatters at a blow.



QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STARS.

Stars ! lovely Stars ! so fair and bright,
In yon blue heaven afar ;
Thus shining on, from night to night,
Oh, tell me what ye are !

Is it to guard this sleeping earth,
While darkness o'er it lies,
That thus your glorious bands come forth,
Rejoicing in the skies ?

Is it to light the traveller's way,
When moon and sun are down,
And lead him with your cheering ray
Through pathless deserts on ?

Is it across the foamy deep,
Some wandering ship to guide,
Bright Stars, that thus your watch ye
keep,
When all are gone beside ?

They sparkle on, but answer not :—
Is there no sound on high ?
Those glorious ones from their bright
place,
Why give they no reply ?

Does spring return when they ordain ?
Is theirs the summer's glow,
And autumn's gale, and winter wild ?
I wish that I could know.

Oh, tell me, you whom books have told,
Of wondrous things gone by,—
How were they, in the days of old,
Set in the dark blue sky ?

So beautiful, so mild, so bright,
Oh, tell me what they are ;

And teach my thoughts from night to
night
The story of a star !



ANSWERS ABOUT THE STARS.

Attend, my child ! attend, and hear
What wonders were of old ;
How through that vast unbounded sphere,
The stars of heaven were rolled.
The God who made each little flower,
Each leaf that shades the grove,

He, too, by his amazing power,
Ordained the stars above.

He clothed them all with living rays,
The light that came from Him ;
He bade them o'er our darkness blaze,
When sky and earth are dim.

Behold how each its pathway keeps,
Fixed in its place divine ;
Amid those everlasting deeps,
Like quenchless lamps to shine.

Look up, my child ! for every one
Of those small flames on high,
Is a fair world, a heavenly sun,
That lights the distant sky.

And there may glorious creatures dwell,
Where man hath never trod,
In endless hymns of joy to tell
The mighty things of God.

Nor shall thine eye behold in vain,
E'en from this world afar ;

But knowledge of His wisdom gain,
From every sparkling star.

Yes ! they shall teach thy infant heart,
God's wondrous works above ;
And the blest record still impart
Of his almighty love.





SUMMER MORNING.

'Tis a pleasant summer morning,
Let us go and walk ;
See the dew-drops, how they glitter,
Hark the small birds, how they twitter,
'Tis the way they talk.

Do they speak their mother's welcome ?
She with food is nigh.
See the startled lark is springing
From the fresh wet grass, and singing
As he mounts on high.

God his love is ever shedding
Over great and small ;
And even now are they not raising
All their voices sweet in praising
Him, the Lord of all.

Hast thou, child, a tender mother,
Watching o'er thy ways ?
Then to Him who gave the blessing,
Let thy little heart confessing,
Give to him the praise.



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

It is coming, little maiden !
With the pleasant sunbeam laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf,—
Till it comes the time is brief.

It is coming, it is coming !
Hark, the little bee is humming ;
See, the lark is soaring high,
In the bright and sunny sky ,
And the gnats are on the wing :—
Little maiden ! now is Spring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over ;
And on mossy banks so green,
Starlike primroses are seen ;
Every little stream is bright—
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark ! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd ;
All the birds are singing loud,
And the first white butterfly,
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth or heaven,
God to each the Spring has given !
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies !
For thy pleasure and thy food,
Pour thy soul in gratitude !



LATIN LESSON.

CORN.

Spica means an ear of corn,
 Gluma is the husk or sheath,
And *Arista* is the beard—
 Granum is the grain beneath.

Palea is the name for chaff,
Area the threshing floor ;
Better know the whole than half,
Though you have to labor more.





THE OAK.

Look at that spreading oak—its trunk is massive, its branches are strong, its roots, like crooked fangs, strike deep into the earth, and support its huge bulk. The birds build their nests among the boughs, the cattle repose beneath its shade. The old men point it out to their children, but they remember not its beginning; generations of men,

one after another, have been born and have died, and this giant of the forest has remained the same, defying the storms of two hundred winters.

This large tree was once an acorn, small in size, and insignificant in appearance, yet it contained that which was to become root, trunk, branch, and leaf. The mind of a child is like the acorn,—there are powers folded up which do not yet appear, but they are all there—memory, judgment, invention, the feeling of right and wrong,—we watch for their first buddings and observe their growth.

Think of the wisest man that you ever knew or heard of, who knows many languages, and has found out hidden things,—his mind was once that of a child—he was once a little babe and knew almost nothing.

If you had seen only an acorn, you could never guess at the form and size of the oak ; and from seeing the helpless infant, you cannot form an idea of a mind perfect in wisdom and knowledge.

Instruction is the food of the mind—it is like the dew and the rain, and the rich soil, to the oak. As the soil, the rain, and the dew cause the tree to bud, and put forth its tender shoots, so do books,

and study, and discourse feed the mind, and make it unfold its hidden powers.

Be attentive therefore, and receive instruction, that the mind within you may grow and flourish. You cannot tell how excellent it may become. It was long before the oak showed its greatness; years passed away, and it had grown only a little way above the ground—a child might have torn it up; and it is long before the mind attains its full growth, how long we do not know.

The oak will last for hundreds of years, but the mind of man is made to live forever.



THE CUCKOO.

Far in the deep, deep wood, I hear
The Cuckoo's cheerful voice ;
Now flowerets deck the opening year,
And earth and heaven rejoice ;
A promise 'tis of happy hours
To every living thing ;
While come the gentle sun and showers,
And all the joys of spring.

Remote amid the leafy wild
His timid wing he hides ;
Or where the old gray rocks are piled,
Upon the mountain sides ;
I seek in vain from tree to tree,
Yet still his note is by,
Incessant sounding o'er the lea,
A welcome ever nigh !

While the young beech is fresh and fair,
And while the hare-bells blow,
That voice shall echo through the air,
And flowery groves below,
And bid us ever, as we hear
The answering woodlands ring,
Welcome as blithe the early year,
And sunny days of spring.



PLANTING A TREE.

I put an acorn in the ground,
Showers fell and sunshine spread ;
A little tender sprig I found,
Just peeping from the bed.

'Twill grow up to a stately tree,
With leaves by thousands crowned ;
And 'mid the summer noontide cast
Its pleasant shadow round.

Then birds will in its tall boughs sing,
And gentle breezes play ;

And many a little merry thing
About its branches stray.

And the thick bark will clothe it o'er,
Green mosses on it grow ;
While the blue violets earliest flower
Shall open fair below.

My acorn, with thy little shoot,
How strange this seems to me,
That a small spray and slender root
Should make a mighty tree !





THE SNOWDROP.

Now the spring is coming on,
Now the snow and ice are gone,
Soon my little Snowdrop root,
Will it not begin to shoot ?

Ah ! I see its little head,
Peeping on my flower-bed,
Looking all so green and gay,
On this fine and pleasant day.

For the mild south wind doth blow,
And hath melted all the snow,

And the sun shines out so warm,
It need not fear another storm.

Soon its pretty flowers show,
And its leaves of white undo ;
Then 'twill hang its modest head,
Down upon my flower-bed.





THE FIELD DAISY.

'Tis a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring,
In the meadows green 'tis found
Peeping just above the ground,
And its stalk is covered flat,
With a white and yellow hat.

Little children, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread,
On its meek and healthy head,
For it always seems to say,
"Surely winter's gone away."

PLEASING VARIETY

FOR THE

YOUTHFUL MIND.

PART VI.

Compiled by the "Association for the improvement of Juvenile Books," in
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NEW-YORK:

MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET.

1838.





INHUMANITY TO THE DEFORMED.

It makes me sad when in the street,
Some poor afflicted one I meet—
With crooked form and tender frame,
Bent with disease, but not with shame.
But when I hear that form reviled,
By some unthinking little child,

I blush to think there is a heart
So hard, so chill'd, to act such part.
The cripple I would sooner be,
Than one who used such mockery ;
For they themselves alone degrade,
Who dare despise what God has made.





THE FOOLISH WISH.

O, like a bird could I take wing,
And fly from tree to tree,
Or mount aloft and soaring sing,
How happy should I be!

Then, like an eagle out of view—
Ah! what's that sudden sound?
A little bird, shot through and through,
Falls lifeless to the ground.

Had I been wing'd then, like a bird,
How short had been life's span !
My wish, I see, was quite absurd—
Thank God, I am a man !





QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Who showed the little ant the way,
Her narrow hole to bore ?
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store ?

The sparrow builds her clever nest,
Of wool, of hay, and moss ;
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers ;

And lay his store of honey by,
To eat in winter hours ?

'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill ;
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.





GOOD HUMOR.

Good humor is the greatest charm
That children can possess ;
It makes them happy, and, what 's more,
It gives them power to bless.

A cheerful voice and smiling eyes,
By every one are loved ;

While sulky looks and sullen tones,
By all are disapproved.

However poor, however plain,
On this you may depend—
The kind, good-humored, and the good,
Will never want a friend.





THE ANT.

I saw the Ant, the busy Ant,
One clear, bright summer day,
Building its house and granaries,
Within a heap of clay ;
And steadily and cheerfully,
It worked throughout the day.

It made trim walks about its house,
And cleared the ground away ;
It pleased me much to see its thrift,
And oft I there would stay—
For steadily and cheerfully,
It worked throughout the day.

Its house complete, a heap of grain,
The little artist saw,
And many a heavy, heavy load,
It to its home would draw ;
The wheat it took, but for the rest,
It did not care a straw.

“ Oh ! pretty little busy Ant,”
Thus to it I did say,
“ A lesson I have learned of thee,
On this bright summer day,
And steadily and cheerfully
Will go and work away.

“ For if the storm should now come down,
Upon my hapless head,

I have no house or heap of grain,
Nor place to make my bed."
So, cheerfully I went to work,
When this to the Ant I said.





EARLY RISING.

Rise, children, rise ! the morning sun
Its early race has long begun :
Hark ! on every vernal spray,
The little birds sing blithe and gay ;
And shall you then to whom kind Heav'n
Health, strength, and partial friends has
given,

Lie, like a sluggard, and forget
To whom you owe so great a debt ?
Have you no duties to fulfil ?
No tasks on which to try your skill ?
Yes, yes, you have—then rise in haste,
And not another moment waste.





THE ASSES OF THE ALPS.

'The manner in which asses descend the precipices of the Alps or the Andes, is truly extraordinary. In the passes of these mountains there are often, on the one side, lofty eminences, and on the other frightful abysses ; and, as these generally follow the direction of the mountain, the road, instead of lying on a level, forms, at every little distance, steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses, and the animals themselves seem sensible of the danger, by the caution which they

use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempts to spur them on, they continue immovable. They seem all this time to be ruminating on the peril that lies before them, and preparing themselves for the encounter. They not only attentively view the road but tremble and snort at the danger.

Having prepared for their descent, they place their fore-feet in a posture as if stopping themselves; they also put their hind feet together but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor.

In the mean time, all that the rider has to do is, to keep himself on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must unavoidably perish.

But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful, for in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the

road, as if they had previously settled in their minds the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety.

In this journey, the natives, who are placed along the sides of the mountains and hold themselves by the roots of the trees, animate the beasts with shouts, and encourage them to perseverance. Some asses after being long used to these journeys, acquire a kind of reputation for their safety and skill, and their value rises in proportion to their fame.

APPLICATION.

“He who thinks twice,” says Zeno, “before he speaks once, will speak twice the better for it ;” and it is equally true, that he only will act wisely who first thinks wisely. Many are foolhardy—they run into danger heedlessly, and unnecessarily, and hence they often suffer serious injury, and, in some cases, the loss of life. The asses of the Alps are far wiser than they—*they look well before them* ; they are always very cautious, and thus they escape the dangers to which they are exposed, and are of great service to many.



LOUISA'S LITTLE SISTER.

I have a little sister,
She is only four years old,
But to us at home who love her,
She is worth her weight in gold :
We often play together,
And I begin to find

That, to make my sister happy,
I must be very kind.

And always very gentle,
When we run about and play,
Nor even think of taking
Her little toys away.
I must not even tease her,
Nor ever angry be,
With the darling little sister
That God has given me.

For oh ! if he should take her
To Heaven, away from me,
And leave me here without her,
How lonely I should be :
No one would sleep beside me,
If she from me was gone,
And oh, how sad 'twould make me,
To try to play alone !

And how I should remember,
All I had done before ;

And wish while she was with me,
I'd tried to love her more.
So very kind and gentle,
I'll always try to be,
With the darling little sister
That God has given me.





THE AUTUMN WALK.

Come, sister Clara, let me take
That skipping-rope away ;
I'm tired of marbles, top, and ball,—
I want a walk to-day.

Go, get thy hat, the autumn sun
Shines out so warm and bright,
That we might almost think it spring,
But for the swallow's flight.

In the old woods I found, this morn,
A drawing-room complete ;
A Persian carpet made of leaves,
A mossy sofa's seat.

And through the many-colored boughs
The cheerful sunlight beams,
More beautiful by far, than when
Through silken blinds it gleams.

In the twined branches over head,
The squirrel gambols free,
Dropping his empty nutshells down
Beneath the chestnut tree.

And now and then the rustling leaves
Are scattered far and wide,
As the scared rabbit hurries past,
In deeper shades to hide.

Among the leafless bushwood, too,
You sometimes may espy,
Peering so cautiously about,
The woodrat's bright, black eye.

Come, let us to that sunny nook,
I love to wander so
Amid the quiet autumn woods ;
Dear sister, shall we go ?





EARLY LIFE OF AUDUBON.

“I received life and light in the New World. When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and articulate those first words so endearing to parents, the productions of nature, that lay spread all around, were pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates, and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to tell the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt an

intimacy with them, and a desire to devote my life to their study. I became so fond of them, that when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but ærial companions suited my taste. No roof seemed so secure to me, as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks, to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally went with me in my rambles—procured birds and flowers for me—pointed out the elegant movements of the former, the beauty and softness of their plumage, their sense of pleasure or danger—and the perfect forms and splendid colors of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons—would describe their haunts,—and, more wonderful than all,—their change of livery,—thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind toward their Creator.

“A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of

my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling, that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed in ecstasy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay imbedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or exposed upon the burning sand, or weather-beaten rocks of our Atlantic shores. I was taught to look upon them as flowers yet in the bud. I watched their opening, to see how nature had provided each different species with eyes, either open at birth, or closed for some time after; to trace the slow progress of the young birds towards perfection, or admire the celerity with which some of them, while yet unfledged, removed themselves from danger to security.

“I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and, although the greatest care was taken to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied—as requiring constant attention and

repeated mendings; while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its Maker. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of illustrations. With these I was delighted, and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature. To nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect, before I had strength to do so.

How sorely disappointed did I feel for many years, when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured—perhaps in silence—to regard as bad, in the book given me by my father. My difficulties stimulated me to obtain perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually, and for a long time, at my request, bonfires were made of them on the anniversary of my birth day.



“ Give me, amid this selfish world,
The heart, where’er it goes,
That warmly beats for others joys,
And bleeds for others woes.”



LATIN LESSON.

Ramus means a bough,
 Baculum a staff ;
Vacca means a cow,
 Vitulus a calf



THE BEES.

“ Oh, mother dear, pray tell me where
The bees in winter stay ;
The flowers are gone they fed upon,
So sweet in summer's day.”

“ My child, they live within the hive,
And have enough to eat ;
Amid the storm they are clean and warm,
Their food is honey sweet.”

“ Say, mother dear, how came it there ?
Did father feed them so ?
I see no way in winter’s day,
That honey has to grow.”

“ No, no, my child ; in summer mild
The bees lay up their store
Of honey drops, in little cups,
Till winter days are o’er.”

“ In cups you said—how are they made ?
Are they as large as ours ?
“ O, no, they are all made nice and small,
Of wax found in the flowers.”

Our summer’s day to work and play,
Is now in mercy given ;
And we must strive long as we live,
To lay up stores in heaven.

PLEASING VARIETY

FOR THE

YOUTHFUL MIND.

PART VII.

Compiled by the "Association for the improvement of Juvenile Books," in
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NEW-YORK :

MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET,

1838.



THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair :
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd ;
And there it spread its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see ;
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.





LOVE.

'Tis love that smooths life's thorny way,
And softens every woe,
That turns the shade of night to day,
And makes a Heaven below.

Let the warm current through my heart,
Diffuse its influence sweet ;
And thence in little streamlets part,
And flow to all I meet.

Since love is called the badge whereby
The Christian's claim we prove,
Oh, let us raise our prayers on high
To the great Source of love.

So may the balm of human woe,
To warm our hearts descend,
With charity for every foe,
And love for every friend.



HOW TO SPELL CHESTNUT OR CHES- NUT.

“Oh, sister! the word is spelt wrong,
In chestnut there is surely a *t*.”

“No *t* does to chesnut belong,
As we in our lesson may see.”

Mamma overheard the dispute,—

She put the affair out of doubt;

“The *t* in the middle is *mute*,
’Tis spelt either with or without.”

Be always exact to a *t* ;
And when your opinions conflict,
In keeping your tempers agree,
And never with heat contradict."





THE GREENLAND DOG.

Most of the Greenland dogs are white, but some are spotted, and some black. They may rather be said to howl than bark. The Greenlanders make garments of their skins, and sometimes eat their flesh. They are strong, nimble, and active, and are very useful in drawing sledges, the only way of travelling in that dreary country through the winter. They yoke them to these sledges, four, five, and sometimes six together. In this way they travel with great expedition. Captain King relates, that during his stay in Kamscatka, a courier with despatches, drawn by them, performed a journey of 270 miles, in less than four days.

The sledges are usually drawn by five dogs, four of them yoked two and two abreast; the foremost acts as leader to the rest. The reins being fastened to a collar round the leading dog's neck, are of little use in directing the pack, the driver depending chiefly upon their obedience to

his voice, with which he animates them to proceed. Great care and attention are used in training up those for leaders, which are valuable according to their steadiness and docility. The driver has a crooked stick, which answers the purpose of both whip and reins, with which, by striking on the snow, he regulates the speed of the dogs, or stops them when he pleases. When they are inattentive to their duty he often chastises them, by throwing it at them. He shows great dexterity in regaining his stick, which is very important in his situation ; for if he should happen to lose it, the dogs soon discover the circumstance, and set off at full speed, and continue to run until their strength is exhausted, or until the sledge is overturned and dashed to pieces, or hurried down a precipice.

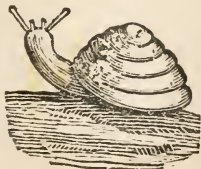
In 1784 a dog of this kind was left on the coast of Northumberland ; finding himself deserted, he began to worry sheep, and did so much damage, that he became the terror of the country within twenty miles round. It is said, that when he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its right side, and after eating the fat about the kidnies, left it ; several of them thus wounded, were found still

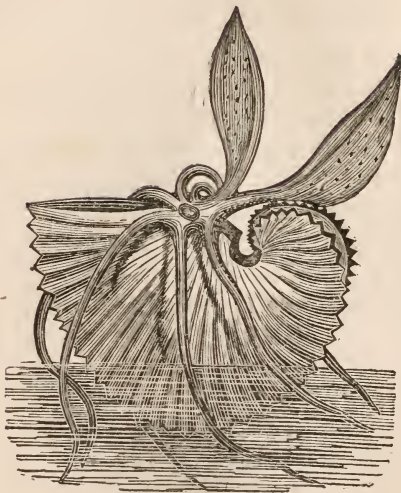
alive by the shepherds, and being taken proper care of, some of them recovered. From his delicacy in this respect, the destruction he made may be imagined ; as it is not probable that the fat of one sheep in a day, would be sufficient to satisfy his hunger. The farmers were so much alarmed by his depredations, that various means were used for his destruction. They frequently pursued him with hounds, greyhounds, etc., but when the dogs came up with him, he laid down on his back, and in this position they never hurt him ; he therefore laid quietly, taking his rest, until the hunters approached, when he made off, without being followed by the hounds, until they were again excited to the pursuit, which always ended unsuccessfully. It is worthy of notice, that he was one day pursued upwards of thirty miles, and returned and killed sheep the same evening, in the place whence in the morning he first started. His residence during the day, was upon a rock on a high hill, where he had a view of four roads leading to it. After many ineffectual attempts he was at last shot there.

THE NAUTILUS.

See the nicely fashioned boat
O'er the billowy waters float ;
With quick oars dashing in the spray,
Her dext'rous rowers cut their way ;
Or, with high mast and swelling sail,
Prepare to fly before the gale !
Within a large and curious shell
A little fish is found to dwell,
Who, like a mariner, has skill
To guide his little boat at will,
Unfurls the sail, or strikes the oar,
Puts out to sea, or makes the shore.
He wants no tools, he needs no help,
His oars and sails are in himself !
His arms are oars which safely guide
His ship of shell upon the tide,
A curious membrane forms the sail,
With which he scuds before the gale.

'Tis when the Med'terranean laves,
Hot Afric's shore with tranquil waves,
And when the ship, with easy motion,
Furrows the vast Atlantic Ocean,
'Tis then while gentle winds prevail,
The Nautilus extends his sail ;
But if fierce storms with mighty sweep,
Ruffle the surface of the deep,
Or a strange object hovering near,
Awake the little sailor's fear,
Quickly descending far below,
He shuns the tempest or the foe.





THE NAUTILUS.

THE NAUTILUS.

The Nautilus, or more properly the Paper-Nautilus, (for so this Nautilus is called on account of the delicacy of its shell,) is an inhabitant of the Mediterranean and Atlantic Seas, where, in calm and bright weather, its thin beautiful shell may be seen, floating on the surface of the water, with its tiny sails spread to catch the breeze.

As the animal is not fastened to the shell like the oyster, and other shell-fish, it can quit or enter its shell at pleasure. From this circumstance, and its great resemblance to a cuttle fish, many people have thought that it was not the true inhabitant of the shell, but a wandering cuttle fish, which had taken possession of the empty shell of some other animal. This, however, is not the case.

The Nautilus separated from the shell differs from the common cuttle fish, principally in having two of its arms furnished with a large thin piece of skin, like the web of the feet of ducks and geese. By these means the Nautilus can sail

along the surface of the sea when calm, and by drawing the arms suddenly into the shell. sink below the wave if alarmed. The shell, which sometimes measures eight or ten inches in length, is white, extremely thin, and partly transparent.

On account of the extreme timidity of the Nautilus, it is difficult to procure it alive ; but it has been obtained, not only alive, but with clusters of eggs on each side of the body. When these eggs were examined with a microscope, each was found to be covered with a minute shell just like the larger Nautilus, so that no one can doubt that the animal is the true inmate of this beautiful shell.



TO THE RED-BREAST. ' .

Sing, Red-breast ! sing ! though bare the
spray,
Yet bright and beauteous is the day ;
The storm last night was loud, but now
The winter wind scarce heaves the bough,
And almost I should think 't were spring,
If but a little bird would sing ;

Then, Red-breast! with thy gladsome
strain,

Cheer up these silent woods again.

Ah! now I hear its pleasant note

Among the sunny branches float ;

Or stealing through the ivies green ;

When rustling murmurs come between,

It seems to say,—if thus its beak

In words like ours could sing or speak,—

It seems to say,—“ Though winter hours

Have reft the trees and killed the flowers,

Though all the rills be frozen o’er,

And only storms and torrents roar,

While merrier birds would try in vain,

To warble forth their summer strain ;

Yet when the gale less rudely blows,

When through the cloud the sunbeam

glows,

Still cheerful ’mid this wintry day,

I love to pour my tuneful lay,

And break the silence of the wood,

With one glad hymn of gratitude.

Come you who ask this song of me,
As thankful let your bosoms be ;
Enjoy the blessings God has given,
For bounteous is the hand of Heaven,
And then not vainly have ye heard
The carol of the Red-breast bird."



WREN.

THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the blessings of the sight ?
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play,
And could I always keep awake,
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe,
But sure with patience I can bear,
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.



The little boy's kindness to a poor old blind man.

LATIN NAMES OF ANIMALS.



Ovis means a sheep,



Avis means a bird ;



Equus is a horse,
Which is often spurred.



Terra is the earth,
Solum is the ground ;



Gramen is the grain,
Which thereon is found.



Ventus means the wind,
Which is very loud ;



Arbor means the tree,
Which by wind is bowed.



Aura means a breeze,
Lacus means a lake ;
Breezes shake the trees,
Breezes curl the lake.



Vacca means a cow,



Porcus is a pig ;
Sus doth mean a sow,
Which is fat and big.



Caper is a goat,
Aries a ram ;



Taurus means a bull,



Agnus is a lamb.



Lupus means a wolf,



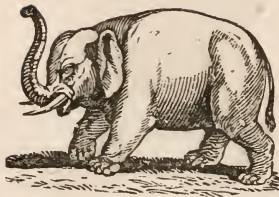
Ursa is a bear,



Vulpes means a fox,



Lepus means a hare.



Elephas an elephant,



Leo is a lion,
A strong and noble beast
As e'er you set your eye on.

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PART VIII.

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1838.





TO A WATCH.

Little monitor, by thee,
Let me learn what I should be ;
Learn this round of life to fill,
Useful and progressive still.

When I wind thee up at night,
Mark each fault and set thee right,
Let me search my bosom too,
And my daily thoughts review ;
Mark each movement of my mind,
Nor be easy when I find
Latent errors rise to view,
Till all be regular and true.





THE GOOSE QUILL.

When you were walking along the road this morning, you picked up a goose quill. It will be well worth while, when we are at home this evening, and have nothing else to do, to look at this goose quill. You will say you have seen a thousand goose-quills in your life—and so you have; but did you ever examine one? Now let us just examine this quill together.

First let me beg you to look at the quill part, or what is often called the *barrel* of the quill—can you tell me of any thing else which is so very strong and so very light?

The whole quill is so light that we say of any other thing which has hardly any weight, that it is as light as a feather; yet you may squeeze the

barrel of the quill between your fingers, and it does not give way or break. It has all the strength of an arch, or of a double arch. It will almost bear the weight of your whole body without breaking or bending. He would be a very cunning workman who could make any thing half so strong and so light ; any thing, at least, which, like this common feather, would bear the weight of many pounds without breaking, and yet float upon the wind.

But this is not all which is curious in the quill. The feathered part is well worth your attention. When you try to separate the feathers, particularly on the side of the quill on which they are longest, you will perceive that eight or ten of them, at least, will continue to stick together, unless you take the pains to pull them from one another, one by one. Every one of these feathers is flat, and the flat side of each is laid close to the flat side of the one above and below it, or before and behind it. The sticking together does not, however, depend merely on this flatness, nor is it caused by any thing sticky between them ; and if you want to see on what it really does depend, you must hold the quill up between your eye and a strong light, or between your eye and the candle.

Holding the feathered part of the quill up in this manner, and then pulling the long feathers downwards, you will find that you separate some entirely, and some only partly ; and you may plainly see, that all along the edges of the feathers there are little hooks, or teeth, like the teeth of a saw. If you hold two of the feathers apart, and then let them touch again, you will find that the teeth or hooks of one, pass between the teeth or hooks of the next, and cause the union of the two feathers to be as close as it was before. There are many hundreds of these hooks in the space of an inch ; and, as those on one side are long and bend downwards, and those on the other shorter and turn upwards, the fastening is most complete.

Every work of God answers its end perfectly. These little hooks or teeth of the feathers of the quill, which are so very small that you must hold them up to the light to see them, are of great use to the bird. They hold the separate feathers fast together, and make the whole feather strong. If you rub your fingers up and down the quill, from end to end, the feathers give way easily ; but put your fingers on the flat part of the feather, above

or below, and press downwards or upwards, and you will find the feathers resist the pressure, and will only yield to force, and particularly when the pressure is made upwards. Now, the goose is not a bird which often takes wing; but when a bird which lives upon the wing spreads out its feathers upon the air, this resistance of the feathers to the pressure of the air, is of the greatest use to it; and very heavy birds are by this and other contrivances, enabled to fly higher than human sight can follow them, and farther than the strongest horse can travel on the ground. The ostrich, which has no such hooks, cannot fly at all, and its feathers hang drooping and disunited.





THE LITTLE ROBIN.

When I was a little child my friends sent me to the country, to spend some of the warm days of summer, and with my playmates, my brothers, and cousins, I enjoyed many a nice play in the lane and woods, in the meadow, in the orchard, and in the garden too, where were many pretty flowers, and black and red currants to pick from the bushes.

One day when we had eaten as much as was good for us, and were tired of looking at and smelling the pretty flowers, and had picked as much fruit as aunt and Maria wanted, we went into the orchard to play in the pleasant shade of a large apple tree. Sometimes when we went into the orchard we took books with us, and looked at the pictures or read in them, and talked about them, and what we had been reading, and sometimes we sat still to hear the birds sing. But this time we did not read, nor look at pictures, nor listen to the birds, but made garden walls with stones round the trunk of the tree. While we were so engaged, a little bird partly dropped and partly fluttered from the branches of the tree over our heads, down among us. We all tried to catch it, but I being nearest, caught it first; and lifting it up, we drew together to see what kind of bird it was. The largest boy, who knew more than the rest of us, said that it was a young robin, and that he knew there were more up in the tree where that came from. We were very glad to hear this, and said that now they were quite large enough, and strong enough, and almost knew how to fly; that the old birds

would not care if we did take them, for they would be saved the trouble of feeding their young ones, now almost as large as themselves ; and we intended to make them tame, and have them for pets, and make them love us very much. So the boy who said that they were robins, climbed into the tree, and handed down to us three more little birds, like the one I had caught. The old birds chirped and flew about, and seemed as if they did not know what to do ; but we said to one another, that the old birds would soon forget them, and we wanted them, and we would have them.

My poor little bird seemed to be very much frightened ; so I talked to it in a very soft voice, and held it very gently, and covered it with my apron, and after awhile as I did not hurt it, it became still, and its breast ceased to beat so quickly. All the children said that bird was to be my bird, and that nobody else was to touch it, or meddle with it without my permission. This pleased me very much, for they all said that I knew how to tame birds, and make them drink from my mouth, and eat from my hand, and hop after me, and fly to me, and light on my shoulder, finger, or head ; now this was true, several birds having been

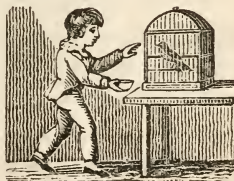
given to me, which I had so tamed. The others were then divided among the three other children, and we separated, and went different ways to take care of them. I carried mine to the house, and having a cage of my own, I put the bird in it, and named it Bob. Poor Bob! I tried to make him eat and drink, but he would not do either, so I thought Bob could not be hungry, and as I intended to make him a very happy little bird, I carried him in the cage to the garden, and put it in the middle of the flower bed, where sweet white lilies, and bright red and spotted pinks, and shrubs, and beautiful green plants were all around. And here I expected Bob to behave himself as a grateful bird should do, taken from a great rough apple tree, and brought to live in such a pleasant place. But it was not so. He would neither eat nor drink, nor sit still on the perch, nor look at the pretty flowers, but would put his head between the bars of the cage, to try to get out, and beat his breast against the wires, and chirp continually. I knew that I must be patient, and reconcile it to confinement by gentle means, and so I sat down on the border of the bed, to wait quietly until it should tire itself with its efforts to escape,

and had become both hungry and thirsty. I sat looking at it for some time, and wondering why it was so restless, when I saw the old bird fly near, and only prevented from being on the cage by my presence. I walked away to see what it would do, and soon saw both the old birds carefully approaching their young one, and at last lighting on the cage, and fluttering about it. After a little time they flew away ; but soon returned with food in their bills, and through the bars of the cage fed the bird which I had been coaxing to eat for an hour. The sight of their affectionate attention made me both glad and sorry ; glad to see that they so loved their young, and sorry to see how troubled they were that it could not be free. I kept Bob a day or two, but could not make him happy with all my care ; he was never content but when his parents were with him, and as I saw their mutual grief, I began to think seriously on what I was about. Poor little Robin ! I had taken it from its home in the orchard, and put it in a much pleasanter place, yet I thought if I were the little bird, I had rather be with my parents in the rough apple tree, than in the most

beautiful place without them, although fed daily upon the best of food. And I thought how my dear parents would grieve, just as the old birds did, and that they would do all they could to comfort me, even if they could not get me back. And I thought, too, that God had put the feeling in my mind to love my parents, and that they should love me, and that he had put the same kind feeling in the parent bird, and in the young one, and that I had done very wrong to take it away, and cause them all so much pain. When I had considered these things, I went to the cage and opened the door, and let the bird go free; and the old birds came to it and showed it how to use its wings, and little Bob flew away to the orchard, and from the top of the old apple tree a bird sang the sweetest song I had ever heard; and never have I forgotten the love of those pretty birds for one another, or the sweet lesson I then learned on the love of God.

The three other birds were all let go; and so the old ones got all their brood back again; and the family of robins were made happy, by our letting them live as He who made them intended

they should—to fly in the air, to hop on the ground, to sing on the tree, to drink from the clear streams, and to vary their food as they desired for themselves.





THE SWALLOW.

Twittering Swallow ! fluttering Swallow !

Art come back again ?

Come, from water-bed or hollow,

Where thou winter long hast lain ?

Nay, I'll not believe it, Swallow,

Not in England hast thou tarried ;

Many a day

Far away

Has thy wing been wearied.

Over continent and isle,

Many, and many, and many a mile !

Tell me, prithee, bird, the story
Of thy six months' migratory.

If thou wert a human traveller,
We a quarto book should see ;
Thou wouldst be the sage unraveller,
Of some dark, old mystery ;
Thou wouldst tell the wise men, Swallow,
Of the rivers' hidden fountains,
Plain and glen,
And savage men,
And Afghauns of the mountains,
Creatures, plants, and men unknown,
And cities in the deserts lone ;
Thou wouldst be, thou far-land dweller,
Like an Arab story-teller !

Was it in a temple, Swallow,
In some Moorish minaret,
In some cavern's gloomy hollow,
Where the Lion and Serpent met,
'That thy nest was builded, Swallow ?
Did the Negro people meet thee

With a word
Of welcome, bird,
Kind as that with which we greet thee?
Pray thee, tell me how and where,
Thou wast guided through the air;
Pray thee, cease thy building labor,
And tell thy travel story, neighbor!

Thou hast been among the Caffres,
Seen the Bushman's stealthy arm;
Thou hast heard the lowing heifers,
On some good Herrnhuter's farm;
Seen the gold-dust finder, Swallow;
Heard the lion hunter's holloa!

Peace and strife,
And much of life

Hast thou witness'd, wand'ring Swallow.
Tell but this, we'll leave the rest—
Which is wisest, which is best—
Tell, which happiest, if thou can,
Hottentot or Englishman?
Naught for answer can we get,
Save twitter, twitter, twitter, twet!



LOVE THE BEST TREASURE.

The choicest of all treasures
Which human search can find,
Are those uncloying pleasures
Which centre in the mind.

What keeps our humble dwelling
So free from grief and care ;
'Tis love our bosoms swelling,
'Tis virtue ever fair.

Our parents' hearts are fountains
Whence purer riches flow ;
Than from Potosi's mountains
Or mines of Mexico.

We will honor them, yes, ever,
Till mortal being ends ;
Can we forget, no ! never !
The goodness of such friends.

We have health and peace, our labor
Supplies the generous store,
To help a friend or neighbor—
Can proudest kings have more ?

We have more than wealth can offer
Within our social cot—
We will pity all who suffer,
And bless our happy lot.

ODE TO A REDBREAST.

Oh thou, that on the moss-clad wall
At eve art often seen,
Or warbling to the water-fall,
Beside the village green.

O leave, sweet bird, the shivering dell,
Forsake the joyless tree,
And come and share my little cell,
'Tis large enough for thee.

Lo, from the yellow, fading spray,
The leafy shower descends,
And, all to winter's hoary sway,
The rustling forest bends.

Lo, pensive perching, every bird
Forgets its tuneful powers,
And scarce one parting note is heard,
To cheer the drooping bowers.

Then leave, sweet bird, the shivering dell,
Forsake the joyless tree,

And come and share my little cell,
'Tis large enough for thee ;
No impious hand shall plan thy bane,
No bar compel thy stay ;
And I will pay for every strain,
If food and warmth can pay.
Though meads and lawns and woodlands
mourn,
'Tis thine, sweet bird, to tell,
That spring shall soon again return,
And all may yet be well.





THE GOAT.

The Goat is stronger, swifter, and more courageous than the sheep. Lively and playful, it does not easily submit to be confined, but chooses its own pastimes, delights in climbing rocks, and is often seen reposing in tranquil security upon an eminence overhanging the ocean. Infinite Wisdom in forming this animal, has fitted it for those places where it mostly dwells.

The hoof, (what part is the hoof?) being hollowed underneath with sharp edges, so that it

can walk as securely on the edge of a gulf as on level ground.

Sensible of kindness, it easily attaches itself to man, and as it is a hardy animal and very easily sustained, it is chiefly the property of the indigent. Its favorite food consists of the tops of boughs, or the tender bark of young trees. It is capable of supporting great heat, and is neither terrified by the storm, nor incommoded by the rain.

Its milk is sweet, nourishing, and medicinal. In parts of Scotland and Wales, these animals constitute the chief riches of the hardy natives, who lie upon beds made of their skins, use their milk with oaten bread, and convert part of it into butter and cheese.





HYMN.

Thou, gracious God! hast formed my
mind,

With powers of sense and thought ;
Oh, may I ever be inclined,
To use them as I ought !

Be all my thoughts, where'er I turn,
From vice and folly free ;

And all I teach, and all I learn,
Referred to heaven and thee.

Yet may I feel how small a part
Of thee is understood ;
To barely show how great thou art,
And truly prove thee good.

Thou, who hast formed these minds of
ours,
To reason, judge, and prove,
Hast formed our hearts with finer powers,
To feel, and hope, and love.

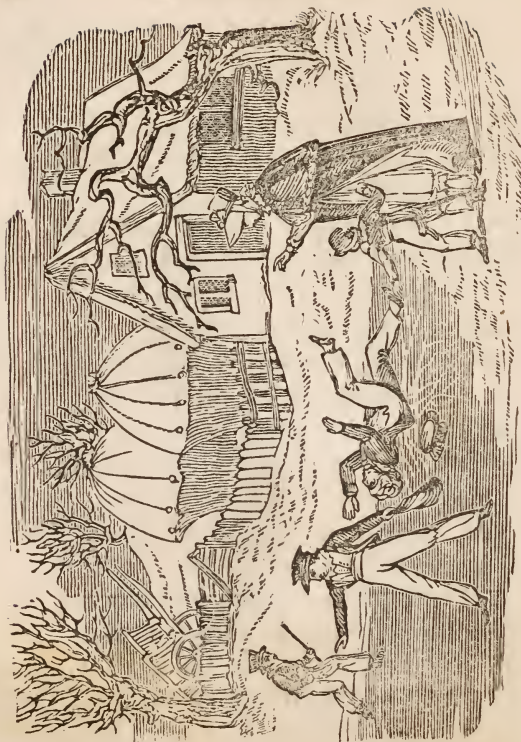
While reason's strength a God reveals,
And fain would comprehend,
The heart with fond emotions feels,
A Father and a Friend.

WINTER.

I do not like this heavy snow,
Nor the sharp winds which fiercely blow,
 So dreary and so chill ;
The trees look naked, wild, and bare,
The plants I reared with so much care,
 The frost I fear will kill.

I cannot in the meadows play,
And pluck the fragrant hawthorn spray,
 The woodbine, or the rose ;
The cold my little feet benumbs,
Pinches my fingers and my thumbs,
 And much annoys my nose.

I wish that summer were not past,—
I wish it would forever last,
 With all its warmth and bloom ;
Then I should not be forced to stay
The whole of this dark, dismal day,
 Within this gloomy room.



My Mary, if the winter's gloom
Did not succeed the summer's bloom,
 You soon would wish for change ;
'Tis winter's gloom which makes us prize
The summer flowers and cloudless skies,
 When in the fields we range.

God knows and grants what suits us best,
Let us submit to *His* behest,
 Who rules the day and night ;
The seasons in their course he guides,
In this and every thing besides,
 He orders what is right.





THE FROZEN BIRD.

Poor victim of the winter's gale,
Cold is thy breast and stiff thy wing ;
No more thine eye, from vale to vale,
Shall watch the coming spring.

Those soft plumes, once the summer's
pride,
By this fierce biting blast are torn ;
The sun sunk down the mountain side,
And left thee here to mourn.

No twinkling star looked through the
cloud,
To light thy little shivering form ;
O'er thee the snow-flake fell, and loud
Roared the relentless storm.

But when the morning rose, and mild
The winds were laid, and sunbeams
shone,

Alas ! beneath the tempest wild,
Thy feeble life was gone.

And not the warmest ray, the breath
Of gentlest airs, shall charm thee more ;
We cannot call thee back, for death
Will nought to us restore.

A little grave thou hast, and round
This grassy turf shall flowerets spring ;
While many a sweet and pleasant sound
Through the old trees shall ring.

There the shy, dove shall grieve, the
thrush

First heard amid the woodlands be,
And seem to mourn from brake and bush,
Poor frozen bird ! for thee.

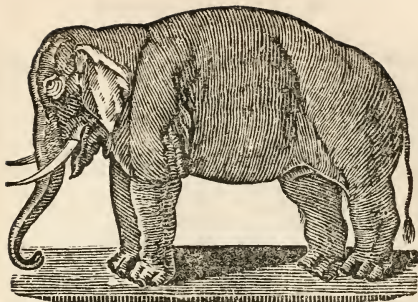
A
PLEASING VARIETY
FOR THE
YOUTHFUL MIND.

PART IX.

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1838.



THE ELEPHANT.

We seldom have an opportunity in this land of America, to prove the strength of the Elephant, but a circumstance took place some years since, in the city of Burlington, N. J., which was remarkable. An Elephant had been confined for some time in a stable there for exhibition. He was generally very docile and obedient to his keeper. But one night when all were asleep, he took the opportunity to break loose, and pushing down the side of the stable adjoining the neighbors' yard, walked into it, and passing over the brick pavement, under the chamber window,

awakened some of the family. One inquired what noise that could be ; another replied she did not know, unless it was the Elephant, and on looking out of the window, it being a bright moonlight night, they saw that it was indeed the Elephant, who after walking the length of the yard, pushed down the fence into an extensive garden, where he seemed much to enjoy his liberty, and in passing by some thriving young pear trees, six or eight inches in diameter, in a playful manner he put his powerful trunk round them, and pulled them up by the roots, with as much apparent ease as we would pull up a small weed. In the same way he pulled up a number of posts, placed on a grass plot to fasten the clothes lines to ; after which he tried a large venerable old tree, but this he could not manage. He then pushed down another fence into the stable yard, and broke the coach house door, where getting entangled, his keeper, and a number of other men, who had been called to assist him, succeeded in securing him, and preventing him from doing any more mischief.



EVENING THOUGHTS FOR A CHILD.

All the little flowers I see
Their tiny leaves are closing ;
The birds are resting on the tree,
The lambkins are reposing.

And I, through all the quiet night,
Must sleep the hours away,
That I may waken fresh and bright,
To live another day.

And well I know whose lips will smile,
And pray for me and bless me,
And who will talk to me, the while
Her gentle hands undress me.

She'll tell me that there is above,
A great and glorious One,
Who loves me with a tender love,
More tender than her own.

He made the sun, and stars, and skies,
The pretty shrubs and flowers,
And all the birds and butterflies,
That flutter through the bowers.

Then happily I'll lie and sleep,
Within my little nest,
For well I know that He will keep
His children while they rest.



THE ENQUIRY.

If power supreme made all the flowers,
That richly bloom to-day,
Say, is it He that sends sweet showers,
To make them look so gay?

Did He make all the mountains,
That rear their heads so high?
And all the little fountains,
That glide so gently by?

And does He care for children small,
Oh, say, does He love me ?
Has He the guardian care of all
The various things we see ?

Yes, yes, my child, He made them all—
Flowers, mountains, plants, and tree ;
No man so great, no child so small,
That from His sight can flee.

If thou love Him with all thy heart,
Then, though thou art a child,
He 'll hear, and will his grace impart,
To keep thee pure and mild.





A THOUGHT.

There springs to light no beauteous flow'r,
That speaks not of its Maker's care ;
What though it blooms but one short hour,
Its dewy fragrance scents the air.

The bee, that stores his curious cell,
With the sweet treasures of the rose,
Seems, in his happy toil, to tell,
The fountain whence such bounty flows.

THE NEW YEAR.

The year 1837 is over and gone, and a new year has commenced. How rapidly the days and years fly ! - With the young they are soon passed, with the middle-aged they haste away still more swiftly, with the old they are almost as nothing.

And is it indeed true that the year 1837 is gone never to return ? Am I one whole year older than I was twelve months ago ? Am I one year nearer the close of my life than I was at that time ?

If I have misspent my time, or done or said wrong things during the past year, may I be more careful how I pass the new year upon which I am now entering.

Time *was* is past, thou canst not it recall ;
Time *is* thou hast, employ the portion small.
Time *future* is not, it may never be,
Time *present* is the only time for thee.



THE HOUR OF REST.

Come hither, little restless one,
'Tis time to close thy eyes,
The sun behind the hills is gone,
The stars are in the skies.

See, one by one, they show their light,
How clear and bright they look ;
Just like the fireflies last night,
We chased beside the brook.

Thou dost not hear the robins sing,
They're snug within their nest;
And shelter'd by their mother's wing,
The little chickens rest.

The puppy will not frolic now,
But to his kennel creeps,
The turkeys climb upon the bough,
And even pussy sleeps.

The very violets in their bed,
Fold up their eyelids blue,
And thou, my child, must droop thy head,
And close thy eyelids too.

Then turn thy little thoughts, and ask
Of Him who made the light,
Who kept thee innocent all day,
To guard thee through the night.

THE PINNA, AND ITS FRIEND THE CRAB.

There is a large kind of muscle called the pinna ; it has a voracious enemy in the cuttle-fish, which has eight long arms, and whenever the pinna opens its shell to take in its food, the cuttle-fish is on the watch to thrust in its long arms and devour it. But it is so ordered by Providence, that a little crab, which has red eyes and sees very sharply, lives in the muscle's shell ; and whenever its blind friend opens it, the crab looks out for the enemy, and as soon as he sees him coming, he tells the muscle by giving him a little pinch with his claw, and so he immediately closes the shell,—as a man fastens up his house and shuts out the thieves.

APPLICATION.

“Two,” says Solomon, “are better than one, for if one fall he can help the other, but wo unto him who is alone when he falleth.” The cobbler

could not paint the picture, but he could tell Apelles that the shoe-latchet was not quite right, and the painter thought it well to take the hint. Two neighbours, one blind and the other lame, were called to a place at a great distance. What was to be done ? The blind man could not see, and the lame man could not walk ! Why, the blind man carried the lame one, the former assisting by his legs, and the other by his eyes. Say to no one then, "I can do without you," but be ready to help those who ask your aid, and then when it is needed you may ask theirs.

Mankind are so much indebted to each other, that they owe mutual attention.



RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

“Mother, I do not like to give
Half of my cake to cousin Joe,
He’s such a very naughty boy,
And loves to hurt and tease me so.

“The other day he tore my kite,
And in the mud he threw my hat;

He surely, then, does not deserve,
I should be kind to him for that."

"My child, thy heavenly Father's care,
Is over thee both day and night;
His rain descends, his sun shines forth,
To feed, and clothe, and give thee light,

"And hast thou not too often been
Thyself unthankful, thoughtless, rude,
Yet still his love and guardian care,
Are over thee to do thee good.

"Then share thy cake with cousin Joe,
Though he *is* naughty, rude, and wild;
He must be punished for it too,
But not by thee, my dearest child."

THE CHILD'S TIME TABLE.

Sixty seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour,
If I were a little linnet,
Singing on her leafy bower,
Then I should not have to count,
Sixty minutes in an hour.

Twenty-four hours in a day,
Seven days in a week,
I'd rather bound upon the hay,
Or play at charming hide and seek,
Than count the hours in a day,
Or tell the days that make a week.

In a month there are four weeks,
And twelve months make a year ;
All this to me a language speaks,
Which mother says I ought to hear.



A second very quickly flies,
A minute soon is gone,
An hour seems nothing in my eyes,
When something's to be done.

And when from my sweet sleep I rise,
The day seems scarce begun,
Before again I close my eyes,
That open'd with the sun.

Then let me try to spend my years,
And months, and weeks, and days,
That so my actions all may tend,
To speak my Maker's praise.





MOSS.

Take back the nest, and when you've
heard

It is the home of some gay bird,
And that these eggs her young contain,
You'll ne'er disturb a nest again.

Would *you* not pine at such a loss?—
A little chamber lined with moss,
Soft as the down upon the dove,
Fit emblem of a mother's love.

A mother's love is very strong;
A mother's love endureth long;
Though wrong'd, and spurn'd, and ill-re-
quited,

A mother's love is never blighted.
A storm, a summer friend may chill?
A mother's love, unfading still,

Grows greener for the tears that fell!
Is not the emblem chosen well?

Moss cannot boast of leaf or bloom;
Moss sheds around no sweet perfume,
Yet still we find it in the bowers,
In close companionship with flowers!
In spring, when Nature opens first
Her store of buds, so fondly nurs'd,
Green moss on sunny banks she sets,
As cradles for young violets.

THE THRUSHES.

“We observed,” says a naturalist, “this summer, two common Thrushes frequenting the shrubs in our garden. From the slenderness of their forms, and the freshness of their plumage, we pronounced them to be birds of the preceding summer. A friendship appeared between them which called our attention to their actions; one of them seemed ailing or feeble from some bodily accident, for though it hopped about, yet it appeared unable to obtain a sufficiency of food; its companion, an active, sprightly bird, would generally bring it worms or bruised snails, when they mutually partook of the provision; and the ailing bird would wait patiently, understand the actions, expect the assistance of the other, and advance from his asylum at his approach. This procedure was continued some days, but after a time, we missed the fostered bird, which probably died, or by reason of its weakness met with some fatal accident.

APPLICATION.

Unkindness is often reproved by inferior creatures. How disgraceful is it then to a man, a woman, a child—and, what is more—how sinful! Surely we ought to be as superior in conduct to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, as we are in the favors which God has given us. Particularly should kindness be cherished between brothers and sisters. Have you a brother or a sister ill? Imitate the little bird of whom you have been reading, and do all you can to relieve the sufferer. Think every attention not a toil, but a pleasure. The reward of kindness is sure!

A CHILD'S LAMENT.

“ Oh ! if my brother was but here,
To help me while I play,
How should I sport among the flowers,
This beauteous summer's day ;
If he was here to share my sports,
How happy I should be,
But he is gone, and I am sad,
My brother ! where is he ?

“ Last summer we were used to play
Among the springing flowers,
Or else beneath the leafy shade,
Of the grape and woodbine bowers ;
How happy then I pass'd the day,
How free my heart from pain,
But now I'm sad, my brother's gone,
He'll not come back again.



“How then I loved to go to school,
For he went with me there,
How kindly then my little joys,
And sorrows did he share ;
How then I lov'd to learn my task,
For he was there to see,
But now I'm sad, I learn alone,
My brother! where is he ?

“Last winter, how I lov'd to see
Him frolic in the snow,
Or drag along his little sled,
Or on his skates to go ;
One day they said that he was sick,
And he lay on his bed,
And then I could not hear him breathe,
They told me he was dead.

“His face was pale, his limbs were cold,
My parents did lament,
And all look'd sad and gloomy then,
I wonder'd what it meant ;

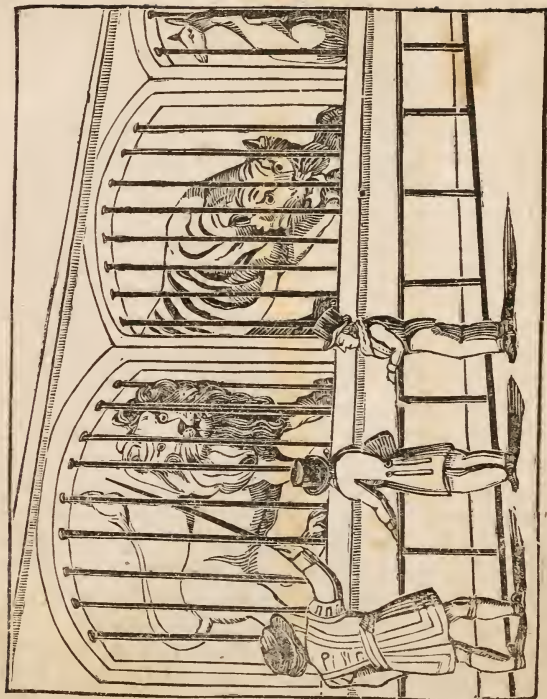
And then they carried him away,
And I was left alone,
And he has ne'er come back again,
Where has my Brother gone?

“My parents say he's happy now,
For he has gone to rest!
No sorrow now can cloud his brow,
He lives among the blest;
And that if I obedient be
While God my life shall spare
I shall again my brother see,
And live forever there.”



THE WHITE BEAR.

The following anecdote evinces the hardihood of white bears. Fish, which form their chief nourishment, and which they procure for themselves, being excessively scarce, a great famine consequently existed among them, and, instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Kamschatka. One of them, finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea machine, full of boiling water, in the court; the bear smelt to it and burned his nose; provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burnt himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him, brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighborhood to the spot, and poor Bruin was soon despatched by shots from



the windows. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb of the town's people ; for when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him "the bear with the tea kettle." — *Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World.*

THE LION.

GRATITUDE IS DELIGHTFUL, BUT INGRATITUDE IS DETEST-
ABLE.

Henry Archer, a watchmaker in Morocco, had once two whelps given him who had been stolen not long before from a lioness, near Mount Atlas. They were a male and female, and till the death of the latter, were kept together in the Emperor's garden. At that time he had the male constantly in his bed-room, till it grew as tall as a large mastiff dog, and was perfectly tame and gentle in its manners. Being about to return to England, he reluctantly gave it to a Marseilles merchant, who presented it to the French king, from whom it was made a present to the king of England, and for seven years afterwards was kept in the Tower.

A person of the name of Bull, who had been a servant to Mr. Archer, went by chance with some friends to see the animals there. The beast recognized him in a moment, and by his whining voice and motions, expressive of his anxiety to come near, fully exhibited his joy at meeting with a former friend.

Bull, equally pleased, ordered the keeper to open the grate, and went in. The lion fawned upon him like a dog, licking his feet, hands, and face, and skipped and tumbled about, to the astonishment of all the spectators. When the man left the place, the animal bellowed aloud and shook his cage for sorrow, and for a few days refused to take any nourishment whatever.

APPLICATION.

It is pleasing to see acts of kindness remembered and acknowledged, while it is exceedingly painful to find them forgotten or only returned by ingratitude. He who is grateful shows he would be equally kind were it in his power; he who is ungrateful degrades himself, and would not assist the needy and wretched.

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